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BAYARD TAYLOR.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

I have no tears to shed upon thy grave,
For thou hast had of life a heaped-up measure,
Gathering from every land and every wave,
Fresh stores of thought to add unto thy treasure.

I saw thee first in youth, with eyes of light,
And heart all eager for the world before thee;
I marked thy upward course from height to height,
Where thy strong will and gift of genius bore thee.

Then came the hour when, rising in her pride,
Thy country crowned with bays thy brilliant story,
And sages gathered gladly to thy side,
To add their laurels to thy wreath of glory.

Finished at last thy work beneath the sun,
Ripened the fruit for which this life is given,
I cannot weep, thy course so nobly run,
Thou takest a still higher flight to heaven.

Philadelphia, January, 1879.

# Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE DOCTOR'S DECREE.

As the morning broke bright and clear, the large three-masted schooner was running down the Channel under easy sail, and the men were beginning to fall into their places, though all was at present rather awkward and strange. Captain Studwick and Mr. Parkley had gone below, congratulating themselves on having succeeded so far, and placed themselves out of the reach of Laure's machinations; while Mr. Jones, the mate, had taken charge, and was now pacing the deck in company with Dutch, who was trying hard to master his pain, by throwing his whole soul into the adventure.

In spite of himself, though, a little suffering face constantly presented itself before him; and again and again he found his conscience smiting him with cruelty in forsaking her—asking him, too, if he was sure that his suspicions were just?

At such times he recalled the shadows on the blind, set his teeth, and thought of Laure's sneering laugh of triumph; and then his blood seemed to boil up, and it was only by a strong effort that he was able to master the agony he felt, mingled as it was with a desire for revenge.

"If I don't get to work at something," he muttered, "I shall go mad."

Just then the sun rose bright and clear, sending a flood of wondrous brilliancy over the dancing waters, flecking the distant land with golden radiance and dark shadows, while the soft mists gradually rose higher and higher, gleaming like transparent silver, as they floated over woodland and down.

"I wonder whether I shall ever see you again," muttered Dutch to himself, as he leaned over the bulwark, and gazed at the beautiful panorama by which they were swiftly gliding.

And then, turning away with a sigh, he came full upon the dark-skinned mulatto sailor, busily coiling down a rope; and Dutch started slightly, half feeling that he had seen the lowering countenance before; but the man paid no heed to him, but went on with his task with his tarry hands, and finally went off limping to another part of the deck.

Just then Captain Studwick and Mr. Parkley came on deck, talking earnestly: and when he went forward to shake hands, they looked troubled, and there was an air of constraint in their manner that he could not understand.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, with an affectation of ease which he did not feel, "we are out of our troubles now."

"I don't know so much about that," said Mr. Parkley. "Eh, Studwick?"

"No," said the captain, "I don't know either."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Dutch; and his eye involuntarily fell upon the dark skinned sailor, who was close at hand. "You don't suspect that the Cuban can interfere now?"

"You'd better tell him," whispered Mr. Parkley.

"No, no; you tell him," said the captain, uneasily—"known him longer, and so on."

"What are you whispering about?" exclaimed Dutch. "Pray, speak out."

Mr. Parkley looked at the captain for help, but he began to whistle, and walked away to give an order.

"Well, my dear Pugh, the fact is—" said Mr. Parkley, taking hold of his special button.

"Pray go on," exclaimed Dutch; "not anything serious?"

"N—no, not serious, but awkward. The fact is your wife came on board last night."

"My wife!" exclaimed Dutch, and a flash of joy lit up his face. Then the sombre cloud overshadowed it again, and he exclaimed bitterly, "I have no wife!" and walked away.

"Well, my lad," said Captain Studwick, sharply—for the mulatto had ceased working, and, half bent down as he was, stood listening intently to all that passed—"you've nothing to do with what those gentlemen are saying."

The man made a deprecating motion with his hand, and bent to his work again.

"We may as well understand each other at once," said the captain, sharply. "Stand up."

The mulatto stood up, but in a half-averted way, and displayed a curious sinister expression, caused by what appeared to be a scar across his cheek, while his eye seemed shifty and unable to meet the speaker's gaze.

"What is your name?"

"Tonio," said the mulatto.

"Well, Tonio, mind this: You are engaged here for good pay. I always see that my men are well supplied in their mess, and, in return, I expect smart work and strict obedience. Do you understand?"

"Yes, captain," said the man, in a tone half sulky, half full of humiliation.

"That will do. Now go and help that fellow to take a pull at the jib."

The man went limping off, but with great alacrity, passing Dutch, who came back looking very stern and angry.

"Captain Studwick, I must ask you to put in at Plymouth. Mr. Parkley, she must be set ashore."

"But, my dear boy, had you not better see her first? I'm—I'm afraid she will object to go without."

"No," said Dutch, sternly; and he gazed at both in turn. "She must be set ashore as soon as possible."

Captain Studwick walked forward again, whistling, and then pulling out his glass he took a look at a fast steamer astern.

"Parkley," said Dutch, as soon as they were alone, "I could not say it before him, but I have not the manly strength to see her. I am weak as water, and I could not bear to see her agony. Tell her," he added, with his lower lip working, "that I forgive her, and will pray for her, but I can never see her again."

"But, my dear Pugh, you must—"

"Good morning, gentlemen," said a voice that made them start; and turning sharply round, it was to find Mr. Meldon, the young doctor. "Wanted to see you Mr. Pugh."

"To see me?"

"About Mrs. Pugh. You know she came on board last night."

"Yes, I know," said Pugh, coldly.

"She must have left her sick bed to come and see you, I suppose. It was a very ill-advised course, for she was ill."

"Yes," exclaimed Dutch, with an eagerness he could not conceal.

"And I am sorry to say that she is now in a high state of fever."

"Fever?"

"Yes; and quite delirious."

"We must put back, then," exclaimed Dutch. "She must be set ashore—taken home."

"I should not like to take the responsibility of having her removed," said the doctor. "If you will take my advice, you will let her remain."

"Let her remain?" gasped Dutch. "Impossible!"

"No," said the doctor, smiling; "the removal is impossible."

"Is she in danger?"

"Not necessarily now; but she would be in great danger if moved. I'm afraid I must ask you to leave her to me. It is fortunate that I was on board, and that she has so good a nurse with her as Miss Studwick."

Dutch essayed to speak, but no words came; and drawing in his breath, as if in intense pain, he walked to the side, and stood with his head resting upon his hand, looking out to sea, and wondering how this tangle was to be ended.

"Poor fellow! he seems a good deal cut up about it," said Mr. Meldon, who was a dark, earnest-looking man of three or four and thirty.

"Yes," said Mr. Parkley. "She was to have gone ashore at Plymouth."

"Ah!" said Meldon. "Poor young thing! Great trouble about parting from her husband."

"Ye—es," said Parkley. Then, to turn the conversation, he said, with a smile, "Lucky thing for us bachelors, Mr. Meldon. We never have to trouble our heads about the women."

"N—no," said the doctor, looking sharply at his companion, with a broad red stain of blood suffusing his cheeks. "Quite a novelty, though—a voyage with ladies on board. He didn't hear me," he continued, as Mr. Parkley obeyed a sign from the captain to come and have a look through his glass at the steamer astern.

"No, sir; he's gone to have a good look at that steamer, as seems as if she meant to overhaul us," said Sam Oakum; "but I heard you, and you're right."

"Let's see, you are the second mate, aren't you, Mr. Oakum?"

"Sir to you, I am," said Oakum.

"But what do you mean by being right?" he said, with a smile.

"'Bout having ladies on board, sir. I know I've been voyages before with women aboard—twice or three times, mayhap—and no good can come of it."

"Ah, you're a croaker, I see," said the doctor, nodding and laughing. "Your liver's out of order."

"Hope I am, sir; and as to my liver, I don't believe I've got one—leastways I can't say as I knows I've one. Ay, ay, sir—coming."

He trotted forward to obey a call from the captain, and more sail was hoisted; the steamer still overhauled them; and both the captain and Mr. Parkley watched her intently, fully expecting to find that this was some new trick of the Cuban, but, to the satisfaction of all concerned, it proved a false alarm, and the schooner continued her way onward towards the west.

It soon became evident, even to the greatest doubter, that the doctor was in the right; and, accepting it as fate that Hester must remain on board, Dutch devoted himself to the preparations for their cruise, rather avoiding the cabins when possible, and dividing his time between reading to the invalid John Studwick, and long talks to old Sam Oakum about the coast and the places where he swore the old plate ships lay.

"Lor' bless you, Mr. Pugh, sir, and you, Mr. Parkley," he said, one day, when Land's End had long been left behind, and all was open water, "I'm as sure of the place as can be. I remember all the bearings too so well. Don't you be skeart about that, I'll take you sure enough."

"Well, Oakum, we are going to trust you," said Mr. Parkley, "and if you lead us to success you shall not go unrewarded."

"I don't want no reward, sir," said the old man, gruffly. "If it turns up trumps, you give me a pound or two o' bacco, and I shall be satisfied."

Mr. Parkley laughed, and after a time left them together, Dutch seeming to find solace in the old sailor's company, as in a grumbling way he began to talk about the state of those on board.

"Seems to me, sir, as it warn't wise to bring that there poor fellow aboard here. Just to die and be wrapped in a hammock, for a sailor's funeral; he's allus in your way, and gives a fellow low spirits. Look at that steward as the skipper must have, just as if he wanted a steward when we've got Pollo, as is as good a cook as ever came to. Great fat fellow to go walloping down just when I wanted some rope coiled down, and set to blubbering like a great gal because he's left his wife behind."

Dutch winced slightly, and turned away.

"By the way, sir, how's your missus?" said Oakum.

"Better, decidedly," said Dutch, shortly.

"Glad on it, sir. Not as I likes women aboard; but I don't want 'em to be ill. Good job we've got the doctor aboard, to see as everybody takes his salts and senny reg'lar; but what in the world the skipper meant by shipping that great long chap, Mr. Wilson, for, I don't know. He won't go into one o' your boots, Mr. Dutch, I know."

"Oh, no," said Dutch, smiling; "he's a naturalist, and going to collect birds."

"And take 'em out too, sir. He is a long-legged un. Why I see him hit his head twiced up agen the cabin ceiling, and he's allus knocking his hat out o' shape. Nattalist, eh? Well, he's about the unnattalist shaped chap I ever see, and all corners. It's my opinion, sir, as when he was made Natur begun him for a geerarf, and when she'd done his legs altered her mind and turned him into a man."

"You are rather hard on him, Oakum," said Dutch.

"Not I, sir. That's just him; and he's all in a fidget about our voyage. 'Taint a nice time, sir, this first week at sea. To begin with, it takes all that time to shake the longshore games out of the men, so that they're fit to work together. Then, if it happens to blow a bit, as it mostly does in the Channel, there's all the passengers badly, cabin and steerage, with their heads chock full of shipwrecks, and, when they aint skeart about going to the bottom, calling the doctor a brute for not attending on 'em. Sea sickness is bad enough while it lasts; but people need not be so nation disagreeable about it, and everybody thinks his case ten hundred times worse nor anybody else's. But they will do it. There's that fat chap ill a'ready, and he's been on to the doctor, Mr. Meldon there, for help over and over again. If I'd been the doctor, I'd ha' given Mr. Fatsides such a dose o' daffy as would send Mr. Fatsides to sleep for a week. You don't mind me going on talking, sir?"

"No, Oakum, I like it," said Dutch, though he hardly took in a word.

"Well, sir, as I was saying, that natallist chap's got a lot of cages full of birds, robins, and sparrers, and starnels, and all sorts, as he says he's going to set free out in South Amerikee, and bring back the cages full of other sorts."

"Naturalists have queer ideas, Oakum," said Dutch, stirring himself. "But, about this place we are going to. The sea is always calm, you say?"

"'Cept in stormy times, sir, when, of course, she gets a bit thick. But there, don't you worry about that, we'll take you right to the spot, and lay you just where you can have the long-boat out, with the pumps and traps, or maybe even get the schooner anchored right over the place, and you and Master Rasp there can go down and crowbar the gold and silver out in heaps."

"But suppose some one has been there before us?" said Dutch.

"Not they, sir. First place, no one knows of it 'cept that furren gentleman: second place, where's the air pumps and divers' togs, to go down and get at it? I get wondering now why I never thought of a trip out there; but I never did. And now, sir, if you'll give me a light I'll have a quiet smoke."

Dutch took out a match-box, and was going to light up, but Oakum held up his hand to enjoin silence; and before the young man could make out what he was about to do, he stepped softly to the side, where a large tarpaulin covered one of the boats lying in its chocks, gave one end of the cover a sharp snatch, and the mulatto started up.

"Now then, out o' that," said the old sailor, menacingly. "If you want a caulk, just you take it below in your bunk."

The man bent his head, as he leaped lightly out, gave Oakum a curious look from beneath his half-closed eyelids, and then limped forward.

"I don't like the looks o' that chap, Mr. Dutch. He's one o' the sort, that if you hit him, he'd out with a knife and sheath it in a man's ribs. That chap was listening, that's what he was a-doing, though he pretended to be asleep. I don't like the look on him, and if the skipper don't look out there'll be mischief."

"I'm afraid you are given to prophesying evil, Oakum," said Dutch, with a smile.

"Well, sir, I on'y says what I thinks; but mind you this; if we get back safe, I shall be surprised, for never yet, when I've gone out to sea with petticoats on board, have we got back without an accident."

"Nonsense, man."

"'Taint nonsense ,sir—it's fate," said Oakum; "and what's more, look here, I ain't a sooperstitious man, but the sperrits o' them sailors as was lost in the olden times along o' the treasure ships aint a-going to let us get hold o' what they've been watching all those hundreds o' years without making a bit of a how do do."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CAPTAIN'S SUSPICIONS.

THE next day it came on to blow; and for quite a week tempestuous weather set in, the schooner skimming along on her voyage. Captain Studwick had some trouble with his men; but, on the whole, they were very good sailors, and his strict discipline kept them well to their work, so that, from showing at first a little insubordination, they went pretty willingly to their duties.

On the tenth day out, the sun rose over a sea just rippled by a pleasant breeze. The men were busy drying clothes, and all the ports and hatches were well open: and as the day wore on, Mrs. Pugh, looking very weak and pale, came on deck, leaning on Bessy Studwick's arm, the latter leading her to where Dutch was talking to Mr. Parkley.

Dutch started as he saw them coming up: then, bowing coldly, he walked to the other side of the deck, to where John Studwick was sitting, impatiently watching his sister; and soon as he saw Mr. Parkley lead Mr. Pugh to a seat, he called to Bessy impatiently to come to him, keeping her jealously by his side, as he saw Mr. Wilson and the doctor come up and begin walking up and down, and frowning as they both raised their hats, and smiled at his sister.

"I wish you would not notice these men, Bessy!" he exclaimed, in an impatient whisper.

"I only bowed courteously to them, John dear," she said, sadly: "and I will not speak to them if you do not wish it."

"I don't like it," he said, hastily. "Come and read to me."

She glanced across at Hester Pugh, and saw her white lips working as they followed her husband, and then, taking up a book, began to read to him.

"Look at that, Bob," said one of the little group of men, busy overhauling a large sail which had been split during the late gale.

"Yes, he looks bad enough," said another. "A couple more days like we've had would about finish him."

"Get out," said the other; "I don't mean him. I meant the gal."

"Yes, she ain't bad to look at," said the first. "That's her as Oakum was talking about."

"That it warn't," said the other; "'twas the little pale one."

"Just you two get on with that sail, will you?" said a gruff voice behind them; "and leave women passengers alone."

One of the men looked across at the other and grinned and they went on with their work; while Sam Oakum went grumbling forward.

"I wish they wouldn't have no women aboard," he muttered, half aloud.

"Why not?" said the doctor, who overheard him, and, facing round, Sam found him standing there, with the tall young naturalist, whom the men, with their tendency at sea to nickname every one, had christened Pigeons.

"Why not?" growled Oakum, scowling at old Rasp, between which two a deep dislike had sprung up. "Because though some one here as I won't name will contradict every word I says, they aint no good. They sets the men talking about 'em instead of doing their work; they consooms the stores; they causes the ship to be littered with green stuff and fresh meat; and, what with them and invalids, my deck's always in a mess. Why here's a cow, and chickens, and a goat, and ducks, and Pollo milking every morning to get some thin blue stuff like scupper washings, and the whole place turned into a farm-yard; and all because of the women. Blame 'em! I wish there warn't one on the face of the blessed earth."

"Hear him," said one of the two sailors who had just spoken—"hear him, Bob," for they were dragging the sail aft as Oakum spoke. "He was crossed in love when he was green."

"Women's right enough at times," said Bob, a dull, heavy fellow, with a dreadful squint, one of those distortions of the eyes which cause the owner to look behind his nose, which in this case was a very thick one. "I'm right sorry for that little one there, though; for she seems right bad."

"Let me introduce one of our protectors to you, Miss Studwick," said the doctor, stopping by where she sat, book in hand.

John Studwick gave an impatient twist in his chair.

"This is Mr. Oakum, the second mate—a gentleman who is a confirmed hater of your sex."

"No, I arn't," said Sam, gruffly, "I only said as ladies hadn't no business on board ships, even if they is captain's daughters. They only get listening by accident to peoples' tongues going a deal too fast and free."

"That's meant for me, I suppose," said the doctor, laughing. "Never mind, Oakum, we shall not quarrel. I think you'll like Oakum, Mr. Studwick."

"Thank you," said the young man, sharply; "but I only take your medical advice, Mr. Meldon. Come, Bessy, it's chilly here."

"But the sun is getting warmer every moment, John," said his sister, gently. "I think you will be all the better for staying on deck."

"I'm sure you will," said the doctor, smiling, and passing on.

"I'm sure I shall not," exclaimed the invalid, pettishly, while his eyes looked jealously and brightly at the young doctor. "Take me below, Bessy. There, I can walk—come along. Mr. Oakum is right—men's tongues do go too freely here."

Bessy looked at him sadly, and then, smiling pleasantly as he raised his eyes, walked with him to the cabin door.

"I hope you will not take any notice of my son's sharp remarks, doctor," said Captain Studwick, overtaking the two young men, for he had overheard what had passed.

"Not I, indeed, captain," said the doctor, frankly. "I think I understand what it means, and I should be a poor student of human nature if I visited his petulance upon him. We shall be the best of friends before long, captain, I'll be bound."

"I hope so, I'm sure," said the captain, gloomily; "for it's quite possible that we may need to hold well together before our trip is over."

"Do you anticipate any danger, captain?" said Wilson, turning pale.

The captain hesitated, and then said—

"Voyages are always dangerous—that's all."

"He means more than he says," thought the doctor; and he followed the captain with his eyes as he went forward, stopped and spoke a few words to Hester and Mr. Parkley, who were still sitting together, and then joined Dutch, who was, according to his wont, gazing over the bulwark far out to sea.

"Pugh," he said, holding out his cigar case, for several of the men were standing about, and he thought it better not to seem to be making a communication, "I've got something on my mind, and of all the men on board you are the one I have chosen to make my confidant."

Dutch's eyes brightened, and he turned to the captain eagerly.

"What can I do?" he asked.

"Nothing—only listen. Perhaps this is only a mare's nest; but I've had so much to do with men, that I am rather a keen observer."

"Is there any danger—anything wrong?" exclaimed Dutch, glancing involuntarily towards his wife.

"Danger or no danger," replied the captain, "life is very uncertain, and if you will excuse me for saying it, I don't think you would like to die or see her die"—he nodded in the direction of the spot where Hester was sitting—"without clasping hands once more."

Dutch turned pale as ashes, and closed his eyes for a few moments; then turning an angry look upon the captain, he exclaimed—

"You have no right to intrude in this way upon my private feelings, Captain Studwick."

"Not, perhaps, between man and man, Pugh; but I speak as one who would give all he has to recall his poor wife, who died while he was at sea, after parting from her in anger."

"For heaven's sake, be silent!" panted Dutch, grasping his arm.

"She looks, poor little woman," continued the captain, paying no heed to his appeal, "as if a few weeks' neglect from you will kill her."

"I cannot, I will not listen to you," said Dutch, hoarsely, and the veins in his temples swelling.

"I will say no more about that then," said the captain, "but confide to you what I wish to say."

"Go on."

"Well, I may be wrong, but I have been trying to think it out ever since we started, and I have said nothing to Parkley because I am so uncertain."

"I do not understand you," said Dutch, looking at him curiously.

"I hardly understand myself," replied the captain; "but I will try to explain. In the first place, you or me have made a deadly enemy in our Cuban acquaintance."

"Undoubtedly," exclaimed Dutch.

"One who would do anything to serve his ends—to stop us from getting to the place Oakum professes to know."

"I am sure he would."

"He would stop us at any cost."

"If he could; but we were too quick for him, and he has not stopped us."

"That's what troubles me."

"How troubles you? Why should that cause uneasiness?" said Dutch.

"Because he strikes me as being a man of such diabolical ingenuity that he would have found, if he had wished, some means of circumventing us before we started; and, hence, as you know, I have carefully scanned every ship we neared, or steamer that passed us.

"Yes, I know all that," said Dutch, growing excited; "but we have been too much for him."

"I fear not," said Captain Studwick.

"Then you think we are in danger from him still?"

"I do, and that he would not stop at murder, or sinking the ship to gain his ends."

"I believe not," said Dutch, moodily. "But you have found out something?"

"Not yet."

"You know of something, then, for certain?"

"Not yet."

"Speak, man," exclaimed Dutch, impatiently. "You torture me with your riddles. What is it you think?"

"Don't speak so loud," said the captain; "and don't look round and start when I tell you, but smoke quietly, and seem like me—watching those bonito playing below."

Dutch nodded.

"Go on," he said, in a low voice.

"I will explain, then," said the captain. "But first I believe this: we have not been stopped or overtaken by Laure, because—

"Because what?"

"We have the danger we shunned here on board."

In spite of the feelings that had troubled him, the deep, fervent love for his wife asserted itself at the words of Captain Studwick, and Dutch Pugh made a step in her direction, as if to be ready to protect her from harm, before he recollected himself and recalled that there could be no immediate danger.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed then, eagerly.

"That's a larger one than I have seen yet," said the captain, pointing with his cigar down into the clear water. "Oakum, ask Mr. Jones to get up the grains, and let any of the men who like try to strike a few of the fish."

"Ay, ay, sir," exclaimed Oakum.

"Didn't I warn you to be quiet?" said the captain. "Our safety and success depend on keeping our enemy in ignorance that we suspect him."

"I beg pardon," said Dutch, taking his double-glass from its case, adjusting it, and watching the fish play about; by its help seeing them swimming together, rising, diving, and chasing one another through the water, which was of all shades, from the faintest aquamarine and pale turquoise to the richest, deepest sapphire blue. "I am impulsive; but I will control myself. Go on. Whom do you suspect?"

"That Cuban, of course."

"But he is two thousand miles away."

"Possibly, but his influence is with us."

"What do you suspect, then?"

"There's a much finer one still," cried the captain, pointing to an albicore, which kept pace exactly with the schooner, as she careened over to the soft breeze and surged through the sparkling water. "No one."

"Yes, I see him," said Dutch, aloud. "But you think that Laure has emissaries on board?"

"May be yes, may be no. Lend me your glass, Mr. Pugh. Thanks."

"Pray be a little more explicit. What do you think, then?"

"I hope they will strike a few of these fellows," said the captain, returning the glass. "I can get on better without it, thank you. Look here, Pugh," he said, in a lower tone, "I am all suspicion, and no certainty. One thing is certain—those treasures have an existence: the Cuban's acts prove that, and he will never let us get the spoil if he can prevent it. The colors of those fish are magnificent," he said, aloud, as the mulatto limped by. "The ladies ought to come and look at them. Every act of that man," he continued, "that I saw, proved him to be a fellow of marvellous resource and ingenuity."

"Yes," said Dutch, nodding, with his eyes to the binocular.

"And unscrupulous to a degree."

Dutch nodded again.

"If the *Wave* was a steamer, instead of a fast three-masted schooner, it's my impression that we should have gone to the bottom before now."

"How? Why?"

"He would have had a few sham lumps of coals conveyed into the bunkers—hollow pieces of cast-iron, full of powder or dynamite; one or two would have been thrown into the furnace in firing, and the poor vessel would have had a hole blown in her, and gone to the bottom before we knew what was the matter."

"Diabolical!" exclaimed Dutch below his breath.

"Oh, here is the grain," said the captain, as Oakum came along with an implement something like an eel spear, or the trident Neptune is represented as carrying, except that in this case, instead of three, it was furnished with five sharp barbed teeth, and a thin, strong cord was attached to the middle of the shaft. "Would you like to try?" he continued, turning to Tonio, who stood close at hand.

"Yes, I'll try," said the mulatto, in a guttural voice.

"Let him have the grain, Oakum," said the captain, to the great disappointment of several of the men. "These fellows are, some of them, very clever this way."

The mulatto eagerly took the spear, fastened the cord around his wrist, and, followed by several of the men, went forward to the bowsprit, climbed out, and, descending, stood bare-footed on one of the stays, bending down with the weapon poised ready to dart it at the first likely fish that came within range.

"I am all impatient to hear more," said Dutch, still watching the fish that played about in the blue water.

"And I am all impatient to find out more," said the captain: "but we must be patient."

"Then you know nothing?"

"Nothing whatever. I only feel sure that the Cuban is at work, trying to checkmate us; and, of course, I suspect. Now, I want your help."

"Of course," replied Dutch, both speaking more freely, for the attention of all was taken up now with the scene being enacted in the bows of the swift craft. "I feel sure that you must be right; but I have had so much to think of that these things did not trouble me. He must have started, and will get there before us."

"I don't think that possible," said the captain; "but I have thought so."

"But suppose that he has some of his men on board, scoundrels in his own pay."

"That is far more likely," said the captain; "and that is why I am so careful."

"Of course, that must be it," exclaimed Dutch. "The villain! He bribed your crew to desert, and has supplied others—his own miscreants."

"That is one thing I suspect."

"That last party there—the mulatto and the black."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ANTIQUITY OF WEAVING.—The earliest records of the art of weaving are to be found in the Old Testament. Pharaoh arrayed Joseph in "vestures of fine linen," and Job lamented that his days were swifter than the weaver's shuttle, the use of the simile proving that the shuttle was a common and well known object at the time. Portions of woven cloth and a weaver's shuttle have been found among the remains of the Lake dwellings, and as the latter are believed to belong to the stone age, the origin of the art may possibly have been nearly coincident with the existence of man. Few if any savage races have been discovered altogether ignorant of the art, and many of them brought it to a considerable degree of perfection: while the relics of the ancient Peruvians and Egyptians show that they were skilled weavers. Some fragments of Egyptian cloth were found on examination to be even with threads of about 100 hanks to the pound, with 140 threads to the inch in the warp, and 64 in the woof. Although the art was practiced extensively, and with no mean skill, in very ancient times, it progressed slowly and gradually—by small steps at long intervals. The great advances in the art of weaving have been made during the past 300 years, mainly during the past century.

GUNPOWDER.—When gunpowder was first discovered to possess a projectile powder, its military application was confined to a kind of mortar or bombard, intended as a substitute for the enormous battering machines then usually constructed. The commencement of the fifteenth century was the time of their origin in the field; for though the more modern author, Villani, asserts that they were used at the battle of Cressy, the more accurate Froissart is entirely silent about them. Bilius, a noble and learned Milanese, who lived at the time, speaks in his history of hand guns as first used at the siege of Lucca in 1430. The Florentines had artillery which discharged large stones by means of gunpowder. "But the Lucchese," says Bilius, "besides darts and arrows, invented a new kind of weapon; in their hands they held a kind of club, about a cubit and a half in length; to this were attached iron tubes, which being filled with sulphur and nitre, by the force of fire emitted iron balls. The blow, if it struck, was certain destruction; neither armor nor shields were sufficient protection, for often two or three deep, if fired upon, would be trans pierced by a single ball."

A scheme is on foot in Scotland to raise by lottery a fund of $25,000,000 to pay the debts of the Bank of the City of Glasgow.

# THE FIRST PATIENT.

BY M. C. A.

VERY proud and happy was Edward Arlington as he clasped his diploma, and prouder and happier when on his return to his humble lodgings he wrote out his name, and attached to it the significant M. D. And well might his heart be glad! Not without struggle and toil had he earned that right.

Left an orphan at a comparatively tender age, with but one relative, and he worse than none, for he would never befriend the poor, lonely lad, life to him had opened darkly and sadly. But the strength that is born of agony had been his, and with strength came hope, and with hope, courage; and so patiently and cheerfully he plodded on in his way and as we have intimated, at length was rewarded. True, the battle was only half won, for though a profession be much, it is far from being all. To establish himself successfully, to build up a reputation that should not only add glory to his name, but put money in his empty purse, that was another up-hill work. But his was a brave heart.

"Fortune favors the brave," sometimes. It did our hero. The next morning, as he sat beside his little study table, buried in anxious thought as to the most feasible means of exerting his talents in the profession he had chosen, a letter sealed with black was handed him. It was from the widow of the relative whom in early life he had petitioned to assist him. Death sometimes has another mission than merely to close the mortal eye, and hush the voice of life. It lays its cold white fingers on the heart, and while it palsies the fleshy part, it gives new and beautiful life to the spirit that has long been benumbed in its silent chambers. And thus it did to Henry Arlington, the great uncle of the young physician. And on his death-bed he revoked all former wills and bequeathed to his poor nephew a goodly portion of his property, sent him his blessing, and a prayer that he would return good for evil, and become a son to the widow whom he should leave lonely and sad, and tottering with age.

Ere a week had elapsed Edward had settled all his affairs in the great city where he had passed his youth, and bent his way towards the little village where dwelt the only one to whom he was bound by an earthly tie.

He met with a warm welcome from his aged aunt, and after a few weeks' sojourn with her, resolved to say "yes" to her wishes and settle down in this same little village. There was indeed as fair an opening as he could expect in any place. Of the two physicians who had been settled there, the eldest had died a few weeks before, and the other was getting advanced in years. Both had made a comfortable property, and there seemed to our young doctor no reason why he might not follow in the chaise tracks of him that was gone, and perhaps in those of him that was going, and become too, a man of some renown and wealth. The dear old aunt prophesied health, happiness and money; his wishes did the same, and so it was soon announced that old Henry Arlington's great nephew, the young physician, had become the resident of the place. A wing of the aunt's house was fitted up as an office, while upon the little white gate in front was nailed a gilded sign. A horse and chaise were purchased, medical books and surgical instruments ordered, and everything was soon in nice trim for an extensive practice. Nay, not everything. There were no patients.

But though practice did not come, acquaintance and friendship did. True, the old doctor passed him by as stiffly as though an iron rod instead of a flexible spine upheld his body; and the lawyer, who was brother in-law to the doctor, looked straight forward when they met, and the heads of all the families whom the aforesaid old doctor visited, frowned terribly upon him. But the minister hailed him as a congenial soul, and in his study passed many a pleasant and profitable hour. The heads of those families who had lately lost their physician, gave him a kindly welcome to their hearts, though they said nothing should tempt them to employ so young a man; while the young men and maidens greeted him gladly as an acquisition to their little circle.

* * * * * *

"Well, daughter, what tidings?" asked Mrs. Mann of her daughter Helen, as she entered the breakfast-room early one morning on her return from the neighborly duty of watching with a sick child.

"What I told you to expect," said she sadly. "Little Willie, my darling playmate is dead."

"Dead," continued she, after a few moment's pause, with impassioned earnestness, "yes, murdered. I can weep for him, but not with his parents. Three children gone before with the same disease, and yet so blindly bigoted and prejudiced were they, that no one must be called in but the old doctor, who signed the death warrants of the others. "Is it not outrageous they will continue to employ a man who don't know anything, when for the same money they might have the attentions of one who is well qualified to discharge his duty?"

"That means it is outrageous for our villagers to employ the old doctor, and suffer the young one to have nothing to do but to wait upon the young maidens to picnics and parties."

"He don't spend his time so," said the young girl, earnestly. "He studies, he keeps up with his age, he goes into society only as a recreation. And it is a shame he has been here four months, and had never a single professional call. Who knows how many little graves might still have been unclaimed, had he attended the little sufferers who now tenant them. O, I have longed to speak out my feelings to those fathers and mothers who have thus sacrificed their little ones on the pile of bigotry. I have been silent, only because the doctor was a young man, and my motives in speaking might have been misjudged." Her cheeks crimsoned as she spoke; it would be rude to question why!

"There is much truth in what you say, daughter. I am convinced Dr. Arlington understands well his profession and will in time be a prominent member of it. But how to bring him into practice I know not. As for me, I never have any ails, and unless your mother or you can manage someway to get sick and furnish him a patient, I see not but he must be idle yet. It only needs for one or two of the first families here to give him practice and his way is clear. Say, daughter, havn't you some neuralgic pain—why your cheeks are hot and flushed—don't she look, mother, as though she were in the incipient stage of a fever," and the fond father patted the delicate face, and felt the slender wrist, to note if high or low beat the pulse of life. "Very far from well," continued he, in jocose seriousness, "shouldn't wonder if the heart was affected, guess I'll call and see the doctor."

"Father, father, do be good now," cried the young maiden, springing after him as he reached the front door. "Don't carry the jest too far."

"Jest, daughter," exclaimed he, in affected seriousness; "it's no jesting matter for a father to see his only daughter's heart affected. But," seeing the tears start to her eyes, "perhaps as this is a serious case and the young doctor has no experience, I had better call in the old one," and he kissed her tenderly.

A few weeks after this conversation, as the doctor was seated in his office, deep in study, he was startled by some new and strange sound, he could hardly tell its nature, and in an instant something dashed with lightning speed past his window. It was the work of an instant to rush to the door and learn that a horse had run away, that he had broken the carriage and thrown the occupant, but it took less than an instant to carry his first steps to the roadside, where motionless and insensible lay the beautiful Helen Mann. He was a physician and the only gentleman near to help, and he had thus a right to lift her carefully and tenderly in his arms and bear her to his office lounge; but because he was a physician, had he a right to press upon her pale lips such passionate kisses, to call her by such endearing names?

Helen had been driving out alone when her horse took fright and ran. Fortunately she was more frightened than hurt in her fall, for though severely bruised, there were no bones broken. Her parents found her an hour afterward, ensconced in the spare chamber of the good aunt, very pale and weak, with a swollen wrist and ankle, but so much better than they had feared to see her; that their hearts were glad indeed.

A great noise and commotion there was in the little village when it was known that Helen Mann was sick at widow Arlington's house, and the young doctor tending her.

But the maiden soon recovered, and the doctor carried her home in his own chaise, he would not trust her with any one else; he told her father that his reputation was not yet earned, and he must see that his first patient met with no relapse.

"Pray, tell me, doctor," asked Mr. Mann one evening, about a month after, as entering the parlor, he found Helen and the young doctor in earnest conversation, "pray tell me if these are all professional calls?"

"Why, sir?" said the young man hesitatingly.

"Because if they are, you must have a good round bill against me by this time! I guess you mean to make your first patient a pretty profitable one!"

"I have found her so thus far," replied the young man earnestly, "and she promises to continue so, for," changing his tone to a jesting one, "I have discovered a new disease."

"Not a heart affection," exclaimed Mr. Mann with affected solemnity. "Say, is it so?" and he grasped his hands as though he was wonderfully agitated.

"You have guessed correctly."

"Ah, I suspected it long ago, but she wouldn't own it. But you can cure it, doctor?"

"If you give me time."

"How long do you ask?"

"A life-time," said the young man, and his tone was so expressive, that spite of all efforts the tears gushed to the father's eyes.

"Take her then, take her; confound my eyes, they are getting weak, I believe; take her; but if its going to take so long to cure her, just take her into your chaise and carry her home; I can't be bothered with professional calls as long as that. Nell, you are a patient for life, will you like it, think?" and he clasped her in his arms.

"I think I shall, dear father" whispered she, hiding her blushes on his wrinkled face.

"Well then, be off with you," said he, and straining her again to his bosom, he placed her hand in that of the young doctor and hurried from the room.

A happy man was Edward Arlington when on next New Year Day, he held within his own the hand of the loved one he had vowed to love, honor and protect so long as life should last, the fair girl who was known now all over the village as the "Doctor's First Patient."

## WAITING.

BY E. D.

Penelope sat weaving all day
Her web: and I weave mine of tender thought,
And many a quaint device by me is wrought
Of Fancy's golden threads. What will he say
When he shall come? Will he entreat and pray
To see the legend? Will his heart be taught
By it? Night comes and brings me nought;
I must unweave. Ulysses is away.
But when my hero shall at last have come,
And his dear eyes have proved my colors true,
I wonder, will my stammering lips be dumb,
My heart's great love unspoken? Then must you,
Dear woven thing, help eyes and blushing cheek
To tell him all I feel, but cannot speak.

# THE GREAT DIAMOND.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

THE news had gone forth to the world that the diamonds lay around almost as thick as sands upon the sea-shore, and that making fortunes was only a question of weeks or days. Naturally then the land was soon thronged by wealth-seekers coming from nearly every quarter of the globe.

There was little of attractiveness in the broad stretch of country save its reputed riches. So barren was it, the degraded native derided it as refusing to afford him the little he asked for mere existence, and even the jackal—that prowler of desert wastes—shunned its desolation as the haunt of death.

But when it was told that beneath its scant soil lay boundless treasures, everything changed. Where silence had probably reigned from eternity, was heard the hum of industry. The sound of the pick and shovel, the creaking of windlasses, the rattle of iron—all major chords in the great song of labor—broke the stillness of the solitude, erecting another altar to the god of wealth.

Among the new comers were to be found every class. The broken merchant was there, the mechanic, workless at home; the laborer, tired of never-ending drudgery; the rogue and sharper, keen-scented of virgin soil for fresh rascalities; the profligate, the hopeless, the desperate, all made part of the throng, led by their own special reasons, be they what they may.

And the most went to work with a will. The way in which lots were staked off, and pits, yards deep, dug, seemed more like magic than the result of sturdy arms and greedy eyes. Nor was the earth ungenerous. Gems—some of them a fortune in themselves, were found—and hundreds had the blissful realization of their best hopes.

But there were more, Fortune's step-children, who were just as hapless. Toiled they never so hard from morning till night, few or none of the glittering pebbles met their restless gaze. They could hear the joyful sudden shout of success from the miners beside, before and behind them, but the glorious triumph of toil rewarded, never came to them.

It was not difficult to select these unfortunates from their fellows. There was a more striking unkemptness of face and figure about them. The features were contracted and gloomy, and in keen eyes shone a concentration of earnestness which at times had the horrible gleam of desperation.

It was plain their souls had become sick with hope deferred. One by one the castles built were fallen to ruin. None can know how sweet their dreams had been, or what they lost. And as the long days passed, with success more distant than ever, it was not strange that envious glances were often cast towards their comrades' "finds," or that they listened to their glowing prospects with unwilling ears.

The natural result of morose thought is loneliness. The misanthrope is always solitary. So gradually these plaything of good luck drew within themselves. Tired of the unequal contest with fortune, they gave up the struggle. The taverns of the "diggings" saw them oftener than their "claims." And when it happened that a miner's hut was broken open and robbed, or a "broker" was found with his throat cut, public opinion—though it never amounted to law—was ever ready to place the deeds to their credit.

But a strange thing had happened. A young and fair-faced stranger, hailing from none knew where, had occupied an abandoned pit, and his luck was marvellous. One of the largest and finest stones known in the history of the place, had fallen to his lot. True, he had allowed none to see it, but a group of idlers had come suddenly upon him one evening while pacing the bank of the little river, whence the settlement drew its water supply, and observed him hurriedly conceal it in the broad belt he wore around his waist.

"It was as large as an apple," they said, "and flashed like the sun."

Such a thing could not happen and be without attendant excitement. Miners are a sociable set, and anything like selfishness is always unpopular. Ordinarily they take pleasure or sympathy in each other's good or bad fortune. When this youth, therefore, held back from the rest, nor told them of his windfall, there was ill feeling harbored, if not expressed. More than one pair of eyes watched him savagely, as he searched the soil that might hold some precious jewel in its embrace—and perhaps it was only his youth or gentle bearing that prevented unkind words and unkinder acts.

The day's work over he used to go alone to the river. There he remained, either pacing its low banks, or sitting listlessly among the bushes, till late in the night. The others noticed this and interpreted his seclusion harshly. Opinion would have it that he deemed association with his fellows as beneath him.

But the big diamond was never out of the public mind. None could tell how the notion first arose; but more than one of the fierce men who had been soured by disappointment, watched him during these lonely jaunts, with strange feelings. The world of fancied wealth the man held in that leathern strap—never for a moment off his person, or out of his sight—seemed to make them mad.

Lounging around the drinking saloons or "brokers'" shops, they at last talked of nothing else. Stories were told of how bold men in the Indies, with a fortunate blow, had taken such treasures from the finders, and gone to Europe to pass their lives amid plenty and pleasure. Stress was laid on the fact that seldom or never search was made for those that did the deed. And when the speakers related these things, there was an ominous lowering of voices that certainly meant no good.

One bright Spring morning the stranger's slight, youthful form was missed among the men, and it was noticed his claim was empty through the day. They spoke of it among themselves, and there was but one explanation of his absence. He had been foully dealt with. Some one, to get the priceless diamond, had taken the miner's life.

And this proved to be the truth. He was found that night murdered, in the little river, and the belt and jewel were gone.

They carried the stiff, gory body to the camp and prepared it for burial. Rude were the hands and rough the hearts perhaps at the work, but something in the pale, handsome face, with the blood trickling from an awful club wound in the forehead, made them gentler. They had not loved him alive; but now dead, there went up many silent curses against his murderers.

And who these were did not long remain a secret. Two of the most profligate villains of the camp were the culprits. Each fearing the other, divulged the story of the crime. And when it was known, the unmarked grave by the river became a shrine, where many of the men often went, and in the memories that it called up, lived over an earlier and a better life.

It seemed they had resolved on robbing him and making their way south. At first the thought of murder had not entered their minds. So they followed him one evening to the stream, and saw him take out the diamond that appeared to flash and glitter in the light of the setting sun. They were at some distance and saw him press the stone to his lips again and again. And while sitting silently there, they had crept up, and springing quickly, pinned him to the earth. He struggled desperately, and fearful of losing their prize, the fatal blow was struck.

They then took his treasure from the hand still closely clutching it in death.

It was only a locket containing the pictures of an elderly woman, evidently his mother, and of a young girl, probably his sweetheart. Between the portraits was the remains of a faded flower.

This was the great diamond, and for this they had shed a brother's blood.

The murderers were sent under escort to Cape Town, but ere they reached it—perhaps through the complicity of the guard, escaped.

None of the men knew his name or country, or knowing, never mentioned them. But the story, however, of the Great Diamond to this day remains one of the classics of Diamantina Camp.

### O! WINTER WINDS.

BY OLIVE BELL.

O winter winds, swaying leafless boughs,
Or sobbing wildly round cottage eaves;
Into mountainous drifts whirling ivory snows,
Or fretting faintly 'mong withered leaves;
Blow not so cold, so fiercely cold;
Let quivering arrows of warm, bright gold
Plume, thy wings, as the winter sun
Fills poverty's home, with a glow new-won.

You tell us, O winds, that the Old Year has died
That he fell asleep with a troubled face,
His conscience barbed with great wants deserted,
As he neared the gate of Life's resting place.
For the reaper Time, with relentless hands,
Runs out in swift measure Life's precious sands,
Never leaving a moment in which to say,
"I will perfect my work unfinished to-day."

Ah! you welcome wildly the blithe New Year,
Whose presence, so hopeful, smiling and strong,
Will dispel the doubts, the woes, the fear,
That clog his path—a noisome throng.
But grow milder winds, as a sign, or a token,
Of promises kept, or peace unbroken;
Of hopes bearing fruit, as this blithe New Year,
Overfalls with his smiles, each shadowy fear.

Now you shriek out wildly, now mutter low,
Or moan aloud, as with sudden pain;
Now you whirl into drifts, the cold, white snow,
And pile it high, 'gainst my widow pane,
But pass softly by the dim, dreless rooms,
Where children perish, 'mid poverty's glooms,
And gently caress the beggar's bowed head,
As he wanders forth, for a crust of bread.

# PENKIVEL;

—OR—

## The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XXX.—[CONTINUED.]

"MY love for you!" echoed Madeline, mournfully. "How could I dare cling to it, knowing as I do that your thoughts are not my thoughts, and that what I do you would deem a madness."

Maurice looked up at the pale, pure marble face of the speaker, and dashed his hand across his brow again in utter bewilderment.

"Am I in my senses?" he said to himself. "Is this Madeline to whom I am addressing such language?" Then he utterly broke down, and his face fell upon his clasped hands. "Madeline," he said, "I would never have believed this, except from your own lips. And even now, I entreat you to pause. Parted as we are forever, I still implore you to have mercy on yourself. Give this woman back her husband and restore to your own heart a portion of its lost peace."

"I leave Lady Crehylls her father," returned Madeline, with a return of coldness in her voice. She then broke out, bitterly, "Did they leave me my father? Did they ever show me any mercy? Have I been spared one pang, or one agony from my miserable childhood even to this day? I told you there was a blight and mildew on me. You see the fruit of it now. I tell you I hate Agatha Crehylls; and if there is one spark of joy in the burden of woe I bear, it is the thought that she will be made to feel some slight portion of the pain heaped upon me."

The gloom, the pride, the impulsive vehemence of her nature burst forth in this speech, crushing down Maurice's last hope of saving her. When he spoke again his tone was hard, even contemptuous, for her avowal of hatred to Lady Crehylls sounded to him like a confession of love for her husband.

"Your words are vindictive," he said; "and if you really feel them, I see she can hope for no pity from you. But you might have left her her child."

"Her child!" exclaimed Madeline.

"Yes, her child," replied Maurice. "And she offers you money—any sum you choose to name—for the restoration of her boy."

"Do you know what you are saying to me?" asked Madeline, with ashen lips. "If your love for me was a lie—a poor, miserable sham, lasting only when the sun shone, you need not tear the veil from my eyes with insult."

Once more the practical man who knew the world gazed with passing doubt into the face of the girl, who knew nothing except the romance of her own gloomy life.

"Is the offer of money such an insult to you?" he said, dubiously. "Then restore the child out of womanly pity, if you have any. As to your reference to my affection, I pass it over. After outraging it as you have done, the taunt that I only loved you when the sun shone is not worth a reply."

"Perhaps not," she answered. "I was foolish to reproach you. The loss of such a heart as yours is no great grief. In a little while I shall be glad that it is gone. What is love without trust? Tell Agatha Crehylls—for I see now you are her messenger—that I know nothing of her child."

With all her old calm, wrapping her almost like an icy mantle, Madeline bowed to Maurice Pellew and pointed to the door. But her coldness only added fuel to the blazing fire of his wrath.

"I shall not leave you until you have heard of all I have to say," he cried. "Despite your cruelty and your treachery, I can pity you still, for you are but a girl—a child—ignorant of the gulf into which you fling yourself."

"Mr. Pellew, I have had enough of this," interposed Madeline. "I do not need your pity."

"Henceforth," he continued like a torrent, "when you and I meet I shall pass over on the other side; but now, at least, I will tell you the truth. Miss Sherborne, just now I likened you to your father. No, it is your mother you resemble—that fair, treacherous woman, who brought strife and bitterness beneath every roof she entered."

At these cruel words a deathly paleness spread over Madeline's face, but she still retained her composure, and she still kept her gaze, half afraid, half mournful, fixed on her mistaken lover. Twice now she had seen jealousy, and failed to recognize it. And if she did not perceive or comprehend the meek, weeping jealousy of a woman, it was scarcely possible she would understand the raging, scornful contemptuous jealousy of a man.

"You say you have not stolen the child from his mother," resumed Maurice; steadying his lips to speak sarcastically, "you content yourself with taking the husband. May I ask, when and where you meet Lord Crehylls, Miss Sherborne?"

"Nowhere," she said, with blank amazement and innocent wonder in her eyes. "Why should I give myself that pain?"

A rush of blood flew to the face of Maurice Pellew, making him stagger like a drunken man, yet he would not believe his eye-sight, he believed only his jealousy, and the voice of his mother.

"You cannot deceive me," he replied, bitterly. "I wonder you try to do so. Of what use is it now?"

Madeline heard his voice, but not clearly. A strange bewilderment had fallen on her mind—a doubt, a horror, at which she dared not look.

"Do we comprehend each other?" she said, with her steady eyes fixed upon his scornful face. "Do you know the truth, Mr. Pellew?"

"Too well," he answered; "and, mark me, you'll live to be a world's wonder—a byword of contempt—a thing which no honest man or woman will name; and my curse will be with you!" he cried, as his voice rose in jealous madness. "There is not a safe spot on this earth for you and that villain. My vengeance will find you wherever you hide; and I will shoot him down, even in your arms."

It was spoken now, and coarsely; as she rose before him, all the horror, all the indignation and contempt, all the unutterable loathing of her heart, flashed into her eyes.

A foolish woman is pleased at making her lover jealous; but even then it must be the jealousy of the spirit,—the jealousy that thinketh no evil: but a proud woman can never forgive the terrible insult to her honor and her truth implied by that fierce jealousy whose passionate breath degrades and humiliates her soul.

"Mr. Pellew," said Madeline, "your thoughts of me are worthy of you,— yes, they are worthy of the man who can insult an unhappy and friendless girl, through the misfortunes of the dead. You have touched my father and my mother with a slanderous tongue. I will never forgive that. No, not while I have a breath of life in me! You have insulted me like a coward, because you know that throughout the whole wide world there lives not a single hand to lift itself in my defence. Yet I might pardon that, if my forgiveness did not mean a contempt past words—if it did not mean that your insult degrades you so deeply in my estimation, that I can never think of you without shame. You have said words to me which a woman can never repeat, and never forget."

Here the whole expression of her face changed suddenly, the cold, rigid lines broke into scornful mirth, and a ringing laugh burst from her lips.

"So you think Lord Crehylls has eloped?" she cried, "and with me! You think we love each other, do you?—we two. And we are to meet in some fool's paradise, where sin does not turn to suffering and hate. Oh, this is too much—too much!"

Her laugh rang through the room again as she spoke. There are times when we laugh unwillingly, yet fell compelled to give away to the emotion, through nervousness, through the incongruous ideas presented to the mind, or through a half-pity for the blindness of our opponent. Thus, as Madeline thought of the true and terrible relations between herself and Lord Crehylls, a grim sense of humor seized her—a humor that had nevertheless something in it dreadful and repugnant to her nature, and with this was mingled such a passion of scorn for her lover's jealousy as made her laughter sound like madness in his ears. But even as the echo of this bitter laugh struck her, coming back to her sense of hearing as though not her own, the shadow and the memory of her mother rose before her—the mother whom Lord Crehylls had loved and forsaken. The remembrance added to her indignation against Maurice a sting and intensity of which he could never dream. Her cruel laugh died on her lips, and her face paled again to its old marble hue. This return to coldness and calm, mantled, too, as she was by her fearless innocence and an impassive pride, which his worst insult had scarcely wounded—it was too lofty for such arrows—chilled Maurice Pellew's heart and chained his tongue. Contending emotions stifled his powers of speech. One instant he was full of all the agony of remorse, for truth has an accent which never deceives, and Madeline's scornful words and bitter laugh had rung the knell of his jealousy; but the next instant it lived again a wounded life, and he received it with all the taunting phrases against woman's falsehood which haunt the tortured souls of the jealous.

"I believe our interview is finished, Mr. Pellew," observed Madeline, icily. "To-morrow I will return you your letters. And these, I think, were yours."

She took a gold locket from her neck, and a ring from her finger, and laid them down close against his hand. There was something small in this; it was one of those little things, infinitely little, which women do even in their sublimest moments, and do wittingly, enjoying the sting they give, and the contrast presented to the mind between the gifts they return and the gifts they revoke. A girl takes her love from a man, and gives him back his trinkets, which perhaps console him. At all events, they only moved Maurice to intensest anger. He swept the shining bits of gold to the ground, and rose up with face white and quivering.

"Madeline," said he, "will you exonerate yourself from this horrible charge? Will you explain your share in the departure of Lord Crehylls from his home?"

"No," she answered. Her voice was steady and unquailing, so were her calm, clear eyes. There was no love or pity in their depths—he had killed these.

"Will you dare to part with me like this,—without a word of explanation?" he cried.

"Explain what?" she said, looking at him with a sort of calm wonder. "Are you so blinded that you expect me to reply to insult? The man does not live, who could so make me shame my own soul."

Oh how he had longed to hear her say, "I am innocent!"—how he had yearned for the indignant and passionate denial, which he had fancied she would be eager to give! And this calm turning aside of his charge, this colddisdain of it and of him was all that he had gained.

"You will not speak, then?" he cried, extending his hands towards her in eager passion. "You will give me no answer to take back to my mother?"

His mother! At that moment there was not a women in the whole world whom Madeline despised as she did Mrs. Pellew. In his hot jealousy and haste he had not told her of Lady Crehylls' letter: he had mentioned her only vaguely, as offering money for her boy; so to Madeline his mother appeared as the instigator of all his calumnies.

"I send no message to a slanderer," she said. "I am weary of all this; I think you might spare me the pain of your presence now."

"My mother is no slanderer!" cried the angry lover. "She had warrant for what she said; and if you will deny nothing, and explain nothing, how can I do other than believe her?"

"Believe what you will, Mr. Pellew, only spare me further insult," returned Madeline. "I am tired of it. Your mother has succeeded; we are parted; let that suffice."

She had reached the door and passed into the hall before Maurice could stay her exit: and, swelling with pride and anger, he stood silently gazing after her as she went slowly up the inn staircase.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AS Lord Crehylls rowed towards the *Penkivel*, a gleam of hope broke upon him. He would go secretly to London, he thought, and seek out the first counsel of the day; he would lay before them, under other names, a true narrative of the terrible circumstances surrounding him, and he would ascertain their opinion as to the course of conduct he ought to pursue; he would find out from this whether there existed for him a loophole of escape. But this resolve was destined never to be fulfilled. The storm which raged in the Channel that night swept the *Penkivel* out to sea, and all other thoughts, for a time, were swallowed up in the sense of the fearful danger that threatened them. On reaching the schooner, the sea was already so rough, that it was found impossible to send a boat ashore with the child. Reluctantly, therefore, Lord Crehylls saw himself obliged to take his boy with him. He hoped, however, the storm would lull before morning, when he trusted to relieve the anxiety of his wife by restoring the child. But the gale rushed across the bay of Biscay, and drove the schooner before it down to the shores of Spain. Thus much time was expended; and when fair weather came at last, other dangers threatened the *Penkivel*; indeed, in this time of war, a ship was safer in storm than in calm. Running the gauntlet of French Privateers, from which the *Penkivel* escaped by her fleetness, she nevertheless had to double and twist so often, with such consequent loss of time, that, in the end, it was two months before Lord Crehylls found himself safely landed at Genoa. Thence he wrote to his wife, and promised to send his boy home to her by the first safe opportunity that occurred. By the expression of grief and affection breathed through his letter, by his allusion to events which he supposed her to be acquainted with, Lady Crehylls, terror stricken and amazed, saw dimly that her husband had fled from some danger of which she knew nothing. That Madeline's hand had drawn this on him she felt sure; but not the remotest suspicion of the truth touched her mind. She could question no one: her father's sneers were quenched in paralysis, and her husband would speak only in enigmas? After a silence of many weeks she wrote to Mrs. Pellew, confessing that she feared she had done Madeline an injustice; but her letter arrived too late to remedy the evil which her jealousy had accomplished.

* * * * *

"You are ill," said Tom Singleton, looking in Madeline's white face anxiously. "You are agitated and excited. What has happened? Will you tell me, and can I help you?"

"I fear not," returned Madeline, in a sad voice. "I do not see how any one can help me."

"Not if you don't tell 'em what is the matter, of course, they can't," observed Alice, in her rough way. "But I bet now, Tom will find a way to help you, if you only let him know. Why, you are looking exactly as if you had seen a ghost!"

"I believe I have seen a ghost," replied Madeline, growing paler as she spoke. "The truth is, Mr. Singleton," she said, turning towards him frankly, "I have reason to fear I am not safe here, and I wish to go away."

"Not safe!" repeated Tom, in amazement. "Who has dared to molest you?"

"A man who would dare anything," she answered. "I met him first in Italy; he followed me there like a shadow, till I grew to have a strange terror of him."

"Who and what is he?" asked Tom, with a flush rising on his face.

"He is a Russian," replied Madeline, "a man who can speak fluently all the languages of Europe, and I believe him to be a spy, in the pay of France."

"Then I should uncommonly like to knock him down," observed Tom, cheerfully. "It always seems the natural and right thing to do with regard to spies. And I suppose you have seen him since your arrival in London, Miss Sherborne?"

"Yes; I saw him this morning," replied Madeline. "It seems he followed me from the Park; and he has now taken rooms in this hotel."

If the blood rose to Madeline's face as she spoke, and tears sprang to her eyes, it was at the thought that Maurice and his family had deserted her at a time when she most needed their protection, but the outspoken Alice interpreted her emotion her own way.

"Well, I think you are rather fond of this lover of yours," she said, "else you wouldn't blush as you do."

"Miss Sherborne has not said he is a lover," remarked Tom, gravely.

"There is more of hatred than of love in his pursuit of me," said Madeline, with a shudder. "Mr. Singleton, I hold this man in deadly abhorrence and fear. I must leave this house. What shall I do?—where shall I go? I am in terror of my life while under the same roof with him."

"Will you come to my mother?" cried Tom, eagerly. "I'll answer for it you shall not be molested there: not while I have an arm to defend you."

Madeline had journeyed to London with slighting thoughts of Tom Singleton. She had gone to his abode meaning to patronise him—meaning magnanimously to share her poor little income with his abject and wretched family, and now she found herself glad to accept the asylum which they offered, and thankful for the protection which he gave her in so simple and manly a way, that it was impossible to interpret it in any other light than its own true and friendly one. The hospitality which she had hoped to receive from richer and older friends was denied her with contumely, and the love on which she had leaned had failed her.

"I thank you very much," she said to Tom Singleton, in a faltering tone, as she held out her hand to him. "I will trust to your kindness gladly."

"Hurrah!" cried Alice. "Then I vote we carry her off at once, Tom, while she is in the mind, and before this French dragon swallows her up alive."

"Will you come at once, Miss Sherborne?" asked Tom, a little timidly.

"Oh yes, this instant!" exclaimed Madeline, "if you will. My enemy is away now, so we shall go unwatched."

Affairs in Tom Singleton's hands did not take long to settle, and it was surprising how soon everything was arranged, and they were rolling along in the coach to their destination. It stopped, not in the shabby suburb, at the mean row of houses, but at a bright little dwelling with a pretty garden in front; and Madeline was led, bewildered into a gay, sunny room, which Tom Singleton told her was her own:

"Now you see how hard he has been working since you came to London," said Alice, in triumph.

"Why did you do this?" asked Madeline, reproachfully.

"I did it for you," returned Tom, quite simply.

"But the money?" cried Madeline.

"Don't you trouble yourself about that," said Tom Singleton. "I got it so easily that I'm quite ashamed of myself for having remained poor so long. It appears that a man of my expectancies can find friends if he will."

Tom closed the door as he said this, and left Madeline and Alice by themselves. He seemed afraid of thanks.

"Now don't make a mistake about his expectancies," cried Alice. "I hate anybody to misunderstand Tom. He don't mean, that he thinks you'll ever condescend to marry a quiet, good little fellow like him: he means only, what he'll have when poor mother dies. He never borrowed any money before, because mother hated the thought, and he said he should feel like a heathen if he did it against her will. We had fine trouble to persuade her to it now, I can tell you. Some folks, you know, if they are ever so sickly don't like the idea of money being got which is to be paid back when they die. However, we persuaded her through father; we said if we moved, he'd never find us out again and then, with a good cry, she gave in. You see Tom wouldn't borrow on a 'post obit'—that's what they call it—without asking her leave. Ah! if there is another man in the world like Tom you find him for me, and see if I don't marry him that's all. I don't like your showy men much. Father was a showy man. He was a good deal to look at; he was something like Mr. Pellew now—he's showy too, he's a good in sunshine, but if I'm out in a storm give me Tom."

With this remark Alice took her departure, first informing Madeline she was going to domestic duties, and checking off on her fingers sundry items of hard work which nothing less than a female elephant in the shape of a maid of all work could possibly get through.

"Good in sunshine," repeated Madeline, when she was left alone; "but if I am out in a storm——" She stopped suddenly, and glanced round the pretty but unfamiliar room, the unknown haven she had found in danger and sorrow; then her bitterness found vent in tears, and Maurice Pellew's name trembled on her lips unwillingly. Perhaps, in these last sad moments of her love, her sorest thought was that she had cut herself adrift from him for ever.

* * * * *

"So Miss Sylvester, or Sherborne, or whatever her name may be, has vanished!" said Mrs. Pellew to her son. "Of course you were prepared for that, were you not?"

"No," said Maurice, abruptly; his face all aflame with anger. "Mother, what a Job's comforter you are!"

"Not prepared for it?" returned Mrs. Pellew. "And yet Lady Crehylls' letter was explicit enough. What other conclusion to the affair did you expect? Lord Crehylls having vanished, of course Miss Sherbone vanishes likewise. She did not leave her address, at the inn?"

"No," replied Maurice, shortly. "Mother, do not speak of Madeline to me. I cannot bear it."

He rose and quitted the room. He feared his mother would question him, and he was unwilling to acknowledge that, having vainly sought Madeline in London, he was now resolved on traveling into Cornwall, in the forlorn hope of hearing something of her from Mr. Lanyon. But without a question his mother guessed his determination, and secretly rejoiced at it as it enabled her to fulfil a plan of her own. Ever since Madeline's history had been confided to her by her son she had chafed at his engagement, and she caught eagerly at this opportunity of breaking it. The lovers were parted now, and she was resolved they should not meet again. While she talked to Maurice of Madeline's disappearance, she knew perfectly well that she was with the Singletons, for a letter from Tom, giving their address, was then actually in her possession. It was therefore with great satisfaction that she heard Maurice say he was going on a journey, and should be absent fully ten days. He would not discover Madeline in Cornwall, but there was a chance that he might if he remained in London; hence it was very consoling to know that he was going so far in a wrong direction.

Meanwhile Madeline was learning to know Tom Singleton. She was brought into contact daily with a nature so gentle, refined, and generous, so nobly, patiently brave and good, that he brought to all those who loved him a sense of trust, repose, and happiness indescribable. Whoever once loved Tom Singleton, loved him for ever. No friend he had ever forsook him or forgot him.

After the few days of her sojourn, Madeline discovered that her hosts were still exceedingly poor. The sum Tom had borrowed had been expended in furniture, and in the expenses of removal; and when the little balance was gone, it was hard work indeed to make the poor clerk's salary support so large a household. Madeline saw, too, with vexation, that her room was furnished with luxuries not to be found in the other rooms; and a thousand little artifices were resorted to in order to hide their poverty, and increase her comforts, without permitting her to see the cost at which it was done.

When she had been his mother's guest about a fortnight, Tom returned home one evening from his work, with a strange expression on his face, half joy, half sorrow.

"How glad I am to bring you this!" he said, laying a letter on Madeline's lap. "I have been expecting to receive it every day."

The letter was in Mrs. Pellew's handwriting, and Madeline took it with a rush of color rising to her brow.

"How did you get this?" she said, eagerly.

"It was sent to the bank, under cover to me," replied Tom. "I thought when you came here you would like your friends to know where you were, and I fancied, perhaps foolishly, that you felt some little delicacy in telling them yourself of the step you had taken. So I ventured to write to Mrs Pellew, and explain, that my mother's address being a secret, was not in accordance with any wish or desire of yours, but merely a necessary precaution for our own sakes—alluding of course to Mr. Rathline,—and—and, in fact, I told Mr. Pellew I should be glad to see him, and I hoped he would call. You see I was sure you wished it, although you have not said a word."

A crimson glow set Tom's kindly face alight as he finished this speech, and yet there was a quiver in his voice, which seemed to tell that Mr. Pellew's anticipated visit would bring to him more pain than pleasure.

"How good and kind you are!" cried Madeline, with sudden fervor. But Tom hated thanks, and even as she spoke he vanished. So she was left alone with her letter, and her heart beat passionately as she broke the seal. Maurice surely had repented of his cruel insults and slanders, and had written to excuse and account for his madness. No! here was only a short note from Mrs. Pellew, and this was couched in terms so insolent, that Madeline read it twice before her mind took in the sense, or could believe that such words as the following were addressed to her:—

"MADAM,—I write by my son's request to inform you that your very obliging act in forwarding him your address through your cousin is an unnecessary trouble on your part. Your engagement with my son being cancelled, he considers it would only give him and yourself pain to continue on friendly terms; he wishes, therefore, the parting to be final and complete. So much from him. From myself and my husband, I beg to say that I do not desire to hold any further communication with a person whose conduct from childhood has been reprehensible and treacherous in the extreme. I can never forget that, even as a child, your deceit was so deliberate, that for years you sought and received my kindness under a false name, and under false pretences. Your powers of deception are very great, and I am not surprised they have culminated in an act so treacherous and cruel, that, to give it a name, would stain my pen. Perhaps, also, I ought not to wonder that, after separating a husband and wife, you should still deem it necessary to feign affection for my son; but I confess I am amazed at this, and can only suppose you did it to further some scheme of your own, of which I am ignorant. I trust you will spare me and mine the pain of any further attempt on your part to heal a breach which your own conduct has made imperative and eternal."

With this letter lying at her feet, Madeline sat in silence an hour. In this short time a thousand good and generous feelings, ever springing up in her soul among all the weeds sown by pride, secrecy and gloom, perished. All the daily groping struggles towards the light which had chastened her passionate, morbid nature, sank down and died.

When Alice and Tom came back, entering the room with lights, they found Madeline lying on the floor, with face pale and cold, and the letter held tightly in her clenched hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# A WOMAN'S DEED.

BY T. L. B.

MRS. BELMONT came into the parlor where one of her children, a lovely little girl of twelve summers, was toying with the shining keys of the piano, and asked for the governess.

"Miss Gracie has not been here for ever so long, mamma," was the reply, and the next moment the mother had retired, leaving the child again to her amusement.

"She is a mystery," Mrs. Belmont murmured, as she went down the broad steps into the garden where the moonlight lay like wings of silver. "I do not know what to make of her. She seems to carry a secret in her bosom—one which I believe she would not divulge to the dearest friend on earth."

The tall and queenly woman who had thus communed with herself paused suddenly, for a footstep had fallen upon her ears, and she beheld a female form bending over a clump of fragrant azaleas.

Mrs. Belmont started, for it was Grace the governess.

She did not appear conscious of the presence of any one, and the lady of the mansion, whose sense of propriety was deep rooted, was about to steal away when the governess started back with a flower in her hand.

"I would that I could pin this blushing flower on your breast, Oscar," Mrs. Belmont heard her murmur with much passion. "I know not where you be to-night, but this I do know, that the law hunts you, perhaps in a foreign land. Ah! my heart, if the shadow of a dark crime had not fallen over thee, thou mightest be in a paradise to-night. Time, they say, makes reparation: but he is tardy with me."

"Grace!"

The governess started and the flower dropped from her nerveless hand, as she beheld Mrs. Belmont's lips still quivering with her name.

"I trust you will pardon me for disturbing your reverie," continued the mistress. "I have been an unwilling listener to the words that have just fallen from your lips."

The girl turned paler than ever, and shrank from Mrs. Belmont with a shudder.

"You possess a secret that is connected with crime, and with that terrible thing gnawing at your very life, you have become the governess of my innocent children. They have learned to love you, and I thank heaven that they are yet too young to understand whom they have trusted!"

The eyes of Grace Haldon were fixed upon the flower which lay at her feet, while Mrs. Belmont talked. At last, but a long time after the last word, she looked up and encountered the eyes that regarded her.

"Forgive me!" she said. "I shall ever thank you for the shelter which your roof has afforded me. I will go to-night."

It was now Mrs. Belmont's turn to start:

"To-night? I have not driven you away yet."

"No, but I feel that I would inflict an unpardonable wrong by tarrying longer. I wish I could unburden my heart to you, but that cannot be for the present. The time may come when you will know all, and then you will not believe me guilty of crime. But I cannot tell you to-night."

The twain walked to the house together, and disappeared beyond the carved portals. Mrs. Belmont's husband had been absent from home for several days, and Grace rejoiced that she was not obliged to encounter him.

It was late that night when the Belmont carriage deposited her before the almost deserted depot, into a chair of which she flung herself with a sigh.

"Dismissed again, and all because I love a hunted man!" she ejaculated, shutting her lips close. "I do not know when this will end, but it is darkest just before dawn, they say. Let me see; there are two men whom I long to meet. One is now abroad, the other—I know not where. Dalton Dial, should I meet you there must be a confession."

For several long hours she sat in the darkened station. The arrival of the train was a relief, and it was soon carrying her towards the shores. Day was breaking when she reached the wharf of the busy city, and she passed directly on board the handsome steamship, whose destination was the great metropolis of London,—the city of her home and birth.

By-and-by the clouds rolled down the edge of the horizon, and the vessel got out into the channel, through whose waves she skimmed like a bird.

She remained on deck, gazing abstractedly at the far off horizon, against whose disc troops of sails were visible. Then she rose erect quite suddenly, and turned.

The next moment she started back with a light ejaculation of astonishment, for a man was gazing fixedly into her face.

He was tall, and had dark eyes. His whiskers profuse and silken, were a beautiful black, and his garments fitted his manly form to a fault. With one arm akimbo, and with the other resting against the side of the vessel, he looked straight into the palest face that woman ever showed to man.

The silence that followed Grace's light cry had grown oppressive before it was broken by the man.

"Grace Haldon, as true as I live!" he ejaculated. "This is a fortune entirely unlooked for."

And she answered him;

"I did not expect to meet you, Dalton Dial," Grace said; "but since we have met, I want to talk to you."

His eyes flashed, and a smile toyed with the lips almost hidden by the long moustache

"Very well," he said. "As we have not met for a long time, a talk will no doubt prove interesting."

A good deal of impudence lurked in his tone.

"Dalton Dial, you have held my happiness in your hands," the governess continued, after quite a long pause. "What we have been to one another has nothing to do with our present talk. I can never, never become your wife. I hope you do not indulge hopes now. You know that I love a man who has been forced to fly his native land, because of certain words of yours. Knowing what you do—that I love him, and can never become your wife—will you not let him come back? Tell me the truth: Guilty or not guilty?"

The man's faint smile suddenly disappeared, and his lips parted to utter one word, and that in a tone of devilish triumph.

"Guilty of the murder!"

For a moment Grace Haldon looked resentingly into his face, and as she stepped forward and touched his arm, she said boldly:

"Dalton Dial, you have lied!"

He recoiled as if stung by an adder.

"Prove it!" he said, almost fiercely. "I give you leave, Grace Haldon, to prove that I have lied!"

"I may not be able to do so now, but I know that standing before one of the highest courts in the land, you have deliberately perjured your soul. My whole life henceforth shall be bent to the purpose of proving this, and I tell you boldly that I shall not cease my efforts until the stain of crime has been washed from his garments, or brand you one of the greatest villains in England."

"Exactly, Grace," he answered, with an obsequious bow; and the next moment she turned away.

She had encountered one of the men whom she had desired to meet.

He had not changed in the two years that had rolled over his head since Grace had met him. His eyes could flash the same lurking light that appeared on the surface when he testified against Oscar Morgan, who had won Grace Haldon's heart.

Here was then a home surrounded with all the enjoyments that a lavish expenditure of wealth could bestow. Her beauty and accomplishments had created her one of the reigning belles of a certain aristocratic quarter of the metropolis.

But a blight had fallen unexpectedly upon her, and her sudden disappearance from home and society had not ceased to be a topic of conversation in some circles, though two years had fled.

She had the courage to tell her father that she believed the young merchant, Oscar Morgan, guiltless of the crime of nocturnal murder, and he in his anger had commanded her to recant, or leave his sheltering roof. Grace chose the latter, and one night a carriage bore her down the wide avenue; and thus the high-born girl entered upon the career of a governess.

Her father said that she had gone to complete her already brilliant education: but there were not a few who believed that she had secretly joined her lover, who had managed to fly the country.

As the steamer approached the quay in the city of its destination, Grace saw the man again at her very side. He held a small valise, and did not appear to have noticed her, and she soon lost sight of him in the throng of noisy people, and entered a cab. It was with a powerful effort that the governess could refrain from the loved mansion on the terrace; but she steeled her tried heart against the temptation, and entered a private lodging house.

Three months passed away.

Mrs. Belmont and the children were wondering what had become of Grace Haldon, and the whitehaired man was yearning for the return of his only child.

But Grace had a duty to perform, and until she had succeeded, her feet could not cross the old threshold.

It was quite early one night when the governess entered a room on tiptoe and seated herself beside a low bed, upon which lay the emaciated form of a woman whose beauty had faded before the ravages of disease.

"You have come in time," the sick one said, feebly. "I want to tell all now, and then I want to sign the confession."

In a cracked voice the white faced being told a story of dark deception and wrong which blanched Grace Haldon's cheeks as she wrote it down. The woman who had madly loved Dalton Dial was dying. She had clung to him through thick and thin, to be deserted at last for the very woman who sat at her bed side.

"Now bring a justice in and let him attest the paper."

Grace retired, and soon returned with the nearest Justice of the Peace, who was startled by the confession which he was compelled to read.

Before another day had passed Dalton Dial was arrested in one of the fashionable club-houses for perjury and murder! He denied the charge with much vehemence, but when the confession was thrust into his face, and he stood in the presence of the repentent one, clinging tenaciously to life, his courage failed him and he acknowledged his guilt.

Grace Haldon's life work was almost finished, and the carriage that bore her from her humble lodging house one day, landed her in the arms of the forgiving father.

Bright were the days when Oscar Morgan returned from exile, declared innocent by the courts. Dalton Dial stood in his place, and the woman who had betrayed him was in the grave.

It was a glorious triumph, and ere long Grace the governess was lost in Grace the wife!

### SONG.

When darkness hides me, dearest,
And when this face, now ever in thy sight
Becomes a dream to haunt the silent night,
And vanish when the busy noon is clearest;

Then, dear, the love I gave thee,
Which ever for thy coming lay in wait,
Exacting often the importunate,
Shall be a memory to bless and save thee.

Some little foolish saying
Will wander back unto thee from the past,
Like a stray rose-branch o'er thy pathway cast,
With flowers and thorns thy careless steps waylaying.

June roses in December,
Dream roses, yet their phantom thorns give pain,
Some where, some how, when we two meet again,
How much must we forget, how much remember!

# WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

CHAPTER XL.—[CONTINUED.]

"IT it high time you did so," said Felix gravely; and Sir Owen laughed.

"I have no thought of dying yet, Lonsdale; indeed I dare not die if all that the parsons say is true. Let us talk about something more sensible. Are you going to work again to-day?"

"The work has to be done, and I suppose I must do it. The leases have to be signed this morning."

"I will sign them before I go," said Sir Owen. "I am going out this morning, because I do not feel like myself. I am out of spirits; a cloud is hanging over me. I shall have a good gallop, and see if I cannot clear away the heaviness."

Felix went to his work, which on this morning was in the library; and before he had been there very long Lady Chevenix entered.

"I did not know that you were here," she said. "Shall I be in the way? I have some letters to write."

He placed a chair for her, and then looked at her face. Across the soft cheek was the mark of a violent blow.

"It is not very painful," she said.

Presently Sir Owen came in to sign the papers. He seemed very much ashamed of himself when he saw the bruise on his wife's face. He took her to the great oriel window, and they stood for some time talking; then Lady Chevenix came back to her place, and Sir Owen went out of the room.

Violet and Felix went on writing in silence, when there came a tap at the door. Sir Owen's groom wanted to know if he might speak to her ladyship for a few minutes.

Lady Chevenix bade him come in. The man stood before her, cap in hand.

"My lady," he said, "I beg your pardon; I must make bold enough to ask you to interfere. Sir Owen he will go out riding this morning. That is all good and fair my lady; but he will ride the new hunter Plantagenet, and he is no more fit for it than a child."

"You had better tell him so, Martin," returned Lady Chevenix.

"My lady, I have told him, over and over again. The more I tell him, the more he will go."

Lady Chevenix looked helplessly at Felix.

"Mr. Lonsdale," she said, "will you go and try and persuade Sir Owen not to ride that horse? It is a highly mettled animal, and he has never ridden it yet."

Martin touched his forehead to Felix.

"If you could persuade the master to stay at home this morning, you would do him a service, sir," he said. "Indeed, my lady," he continued, turning to Lady Chevenix "Sir Owen could hardly manage Bonnie Bess this morning, his hands are so shaky."

"Thank you, Martin," she responded; "it was very thoughtful of you to come to me. Mr. Lonsdale will follow you."

When the groom had retired she went up to Felix and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I know that you will do your best for me," she said pleadingly.

"You may be sure that I will," returned Felix; and then he went away.

He might as well have appealed to a rock. All that he said, Sir Owen laughed to scorn.

"Something happen to me!" he cried. "Yes, I know what it will be. I shall come home cured of the 'blues!' I am going to gallop dull care away, and Plantagenet shall help me."

Felix looked attentively at the horse.

"I was never afraid of a horse yet," he said, "but I would not ride that one."

Lady Chevenix, finding that Felix did not return, came to see how matters were progressing. She gave a little cry of alarm when she saw the great powerful hunter, and her husband preparing to mount him.

"Owen," she cried, "my dear, do not attempt it! Pray, pray do not!"

He felt rather flattered by her evident anxiety, and touched her face with his kids.

"Good-bye, Violet. Do not make a scene. I have said that I will ride Plantagenet, and I mean to do so; nothing on earth shall prevent me."

She cried aloud in her distress. Felix interposed.

"I should enjoy a gallop this fine morning, Sir Owen," he said. "Shall I go with you?"

"As my head-nurse, eh, Lonsdale? No, thank you. I can take care of myself very well indeed."

For more than half an hour the three—the true friend, the anxious wife, and the faithful servant—reasoned in vain. They could never reproach themselves in after-days that they had not done their best; but their words were vain as the beating of tiny wavelets against a sturdy rock. Sir Owen would ride Plantagenet; and there was an end of it. The only compromise that Lady Chevenix could effect was that he should take the groom with him.

"If it will please you, Violet," he said, "I will do so." He thought himself very good-natured in giving way so far.

She liked to remember afterwards that she went up to him and said—

"Owen, I would do anything in the world for you, if you would give up this mad idea—anything. Do please me this once."

He kissed her, and then got into the saddle.

"I shall be back to dinner all right," he told her. "I may be rather late, for I shall ride round by Parkerly Copse."

"Martin," said Lady Chevenix to the groom, "do not leave your master for one moment. Do what you can."

"I will, my lady," he replied; "but I misdoubt me it will end badly."

With a heavy heart Lady Chevenix re-entered the house, and Felix went back to his writing. Violet retired to her own room, to while the time away with a book.

The sunny hours of the beautiful day wore on, no cloud came over the smiling heavens; yet there was a faint wail in the summer wind which to the weather-wise heralded a storm. The shadows lengthened, and Felix had not left the library; he had partaken of a biscuit and a glass of sherry there, as he was anxious to get his work done. He had completely finished by six o'clock, and going in search of Sir Owen was told that he had not yet returned. Lady Chevenix was in her room. He would have been glad if he could have gone home then; he did not care to remain for the long formal evening. Still he was unwilling to leave Lady Chevenix until her husband returned.

The first bell rang, and he went to his room. Sir Owen, he was told, had not returned, and her ladyship seemed anxious about him. After a little while Felix went into the drawing room, where Lady Chevenix sat, dressed, looking superbly beautiful in a dinner dress of blue velvet and a suite of pearls. She turned to him anxiously.

"Sir Owen has not returned," she said. "I have told them to keep back the dinner until he comes."

He saw that she was terribly anxious, and did his best to cheer her. He went to the balcony, where roses and jessamine grew in wild profusion.

"Come and look at these flowers, Lady Chevenix," he said. "I read a beautiful legend about the jessamine the other day." And while she stood by his side he related it to her.

The anxious look fell from her face, and her eyes lost their strained, intent expression. He thought, if he could keep her attention engaged until Sir Owen returned, how well it would be—how much pain it would spare her. She turned to him suddenly—

"Do you think anything could have happened?" she asked: "Ought I to send servants out to look for Sir Owen?"

"Martin is with him," said Felix.

He left her for a few minutes, under the pretext of finding something that he had missed. In reality he gave directions for four of the men-servants to mount at once, and ride off in search of their master; and then he returned to Lady Chevenix.

"I am growing terribly frightened, Felix," she said.

In this hour of supreme anxiety all barriers seemed to have fallen between them. She forgot that he was the man she had forsaken and deceived. She thought of him only as one whom she put her trust—in whom she had infinite faith. He was once more the Felix on whom she had relied from her childhood upwards.

"I do not think you need be alarmed, Lady Chevenix, and for this reason—Martin is with him. If anything had happened to Sir Owen, the groom would have hastened back, of that you may be quite sure."

The thought was reassuring, and Lady Chevenix was relieved.

## CHAPTER XLI.

SEVEN o'clock struck, and then half-past, and Felix persuaded Lady Chevenix to take some dinner. If anything had happened, he thought to himself, she would be better able to meet it after dining. She was very unwilling at first, but after a time she consented, and dinner was served.

"I know what I think myself," said Felix. "Sir Owen has called in somewhere, and they have persuaded him to stay. Try to imagine that; it seems to me not unreasonable."

They sat alone at the stately dining-table, where the silver plate and the richly-cut glass looked so brilliant—the table where Lady Chevenix had undergone so many humiliations. It was but a farce; neither of them could eat.

Eight o'clock chimed, and no other sound broke the summer silence.

"I cannot sit here any longer doing nothing," said Lady Chevenix. "I am quite sure now that something has happened; I must send out a few of the servants."

"I have done that," Felix told her. "All that is possible has been done; they will return together soon."

His words were prophetically true. Even as he spoke he heard a confused noise at the grand entrance hall—the rush of many feet, the cries of women, and the deep voices of men.

Felix never forgot Violet. She rose from her seat, and stood hesitating for one moment, pale as death. Then she turned to the door. But Felix was before her. That which was happening in the hall was most assuredly something which she must not see.

"Sit down, Lady Chevenix," he said. "You must not go out there. Let me see what is wrong."

She did not seem to understand him; but he placed her in a chair, and then opened the door. There was a rush of terrified servants, and women's voices cried, "Oh, my lady—oh, my lady!"

He held up his hand with an imperative gesture.

"You will kill Lady Chevenix," he said, "with this noise. Let no one go near her."

He took one step forward, and at once saw the cause of the commotion. A crowd of men stood round a litter, and on the litter lay Sir Owen. Felix pushed them aside.

"Is he dead?" he asked; and the answer was, "No."

"Thank heaven for that!" he cried. Then he uttered a little cry of dismay, for Lady Chevenix stood by his side.

"What has happened?" she said. "Tell me the worst."

"Sir Owen has been thrown from his horse; and Martin says the horse fell on him!" cried a dozen voices.

And then, his eyes dim with tears, his whole frame trembling with excitement, Martin forced his way through the group, and stood before Lady Chevenix and Felix.

"My lady," he said, "I wish I had been dead before this day came round. You sent me to take care of him, and he is brought home so."

"Tell Lady Chevenix how it happened," directed Felix hastily.

"Sir Owen rode nearly all the time, my lady, and I rode by his side. We went all round Lilford, Harberly, and Ripdale. He stopped at Ripdale, and took some refreshment. Then he came home by the woods, and the horse was all right until Sir Owen came to the ring fence. The church clock at Lilford had chimed half past seven. He turned to me and said, 'Martin, I shall take that fence in fine style.' I begged him not; I prayed him not. I told him the fence was too high for any horse, even the best in the kingdom, to take. But he would not listen—you know, my lady, he never would listen. He put the horse at the fence, and it refused. He whipped it and spurred it until my blood ran cold; and then he put it at the fence again. But Plantagenet would not take it. A third time he used the whip and spur, until the horse went almost mad. A third time he went at the fence. The horse tried his best, but his fore feet caught the top, and he fell over, master being underneath him, my lady. When I went to raise him, I was afraid he had been crushed into a shapeless mass, but he was not; nor was he killed, for I felt his heart beating. I had a flask of brandy in my pocket, and I put it to his lips—he could not swallow it. I had to leave him there while I galloped off to the nearest cottage and gave the alarm. Then we made a litter, and carried him home."

Felix turned to him.

"How long will it take you," he said, "to ride to Lilford, and bring back two doctors?"

"I can do it in two hours and a half," replied Martin.

"Go at once," said Felix, "and lose no time. You, John, go to Ordstone Station, and send a telegram to Sir William Daly, the great London physician. The address is Hyde Park Gardens. Say what has happened, and ask him to come at once. You, Stephen, go for Mrs. Haye. Take the carriage, so that she can return at once. Horton, if you will help me, we will carry Sir Owen to his room."

Felix sent for Mrs. Wardley, the housekeeper, and when she appeared he begged of Lady Chevenix to leave them for a time. She was very unwilling to do so.

"I ought to be with him, Felix," she said—"I ought indeed."

"So you shall be when I think it is right to send for you," he answered; and she went away.

They carried the Baronet into a spacious handsomely-furnished bed-room. The curtains were drawn, the lamps lighted. They laid him on the bed of down, and the faithful servants wept over him.

"I always knew that it would be so," said Mrs. Wardley. "I have always expected this evil day. I was his mother's nurse, sir," she added, speaking to Felix, "and I nursed him until he was three years old. He never would listen—never—and it has come at last."

The men took off his clothes, and placed him between the fine linen sheets. Felix examined him attentively; he could discover no bruise, no wound. But for the pallor of his face, he might have been asleep.

"I begin to hope, Horton," he said to the butler, "That there is not much the matter. I cannot see a wound. He is stunned with the fall."

But Horton shook his white head.

"I am afraid, sir, that it is more than that. What time is it now?"

Felix took out his watch.

"It is just a quarter-past nine," he replied.

"It will take two hours and a half to bring the doctors here: that will make it a quarter to twelve. My lady might come in, sir. There is nothing to frighten her."

Then Lady Chevenix did come in. Felix looked hopefully at her."

"I begin to have every hope," he said; "there is not much the matter, I think. Certainly there are neither broken limbs or bruises. I am of the opinion that Sir Owen has been stunned by the fall. We will bathe his head, and try and get some brandy between his lips. I do not think there is very much the matter."

Lady Chevenix went up to her husband, and knelt down by his side. She had never professed any love for him; but, as he lay there, white, silent, and helpless, a keen sense of pity and compassion for him awoke in her heart. She took his hands in her own and rubbed them.

"Owen," she said—"my dear, try to speak to me."

They brought brandy; Felix gave it to him himself with a spoon—and this time they were quite sure he swallowed it. Felix looked at Violet.

"He has swallowed it," he said; "and see—there is some color coming back to his lips! Lady Chevenix, speak to him again."

"Owen!" she said—"my dear, can you speak to me?" And this time there was no mistake, one of his eyelids moved, and his lips trembled faintly.

"He is getting better!" she cried. "I can see his lips move!"

They redoubled their efforts, and presently the pale lips parted. Felix gave him a little more brandy. They left nothing undone that they could do, the four who stood so anxiously by him—his wife, Felix, the butler, and Mrs. Wardley. At last the Baronet gave a deep sigh and opened his eyes. His wife bent over him.

"Are you better, Owen?" she asked gently.

He looked up at her.

"Better?" he repeated. "I am all right."

"Tell me what is the matter?"

"I had a nasty fall. I remember it now," said Sir Owen. "It stunned me. I do not remember how I came home though."

They told him, and he listened attentively.

"So Plantagenet fell on me," he said. "I wonder that he did not kill me. As it is I am not hurt. I am stunned—dazed a little. Very likely I fell upon my head; but it is wonderful that I am not hurt."

"I am very thankful," put in Lady Chevenix. "I might have been so much worse."

"Yes, it might. I own now that my conduct was very foolish. Violet, you will give all those poor fellows who helped to bring me home a handsome reward, will you not? Lonsdale, I am glad that you are with me. You will stay, will you not? I shall be all right to-morrow."

They asked him if he had any pain. He said "No." There was a strange giddiness in his head, and a strange sensation of numbness in his body; but, save for that, he felt all right.

The old butler, when he heard that, turned and quited the room. He felt sure as to what was coming.

Sir Owen lay perfectly still. The lamps were all lighted, and their clear brilliant light fell on the compassionate face of Felix Lonsdale, and on the troubled one of Sir Owen's wife.

"How bright and pleasant everything looks!" said the Baronet. "How strange it seems to be lying here! I shall get up to-morrow." Yet, when he tried to move, there was a sense of helplessness that he could not understand. "It is strange," he said to Felix, "that I have neither wound nor bruise. I was quite stunned, but that is all. This numbness will go away with a few hours' rest. I am so glad you are here, Lonsdale. You will not leave me to-night,

will you? I feel strangely wakeful, and it is dreadful to lie awake through the long hours of night."

"Of course I will stay," he replied, "and Lady Chevenix too."

"How strange it was, Lonsdale, that you and I should have been talking about death this morning! It must have been a foreboding of this accident. I have had a wonderful escape. I shall never forget it. I cannot think how it was that brute did not kill me. Violet, come nearer to me, and let me hold your hand. What a strange sensation it is to be frightened at nothing, as I am!"

She came nearer to him, and took his hands in hers; he looked at her.

"I have had a narrow escape," he said again, with a shuddering cry—"a narrow escape. Violet, this will do what no lecturing and no sermon could do. It will make me a better man. I will be a better man, my dear—I will indeed. I will give up brandy, and I will be kinder to you; I will, Violet. I will look after things better than I have done. I will help the poor, and go to church."

There was a brief silence, and then he started suddenly.

"I was asleep," he said—"asleep and dreaming. How strange! I shall be better to-morrow. I wish this feeling of numbness would go. It is nothing, but it is uncomfortable—I cannot stir, I shall be a better man after this, Violet. We shall be happier than we have ever been yet. I wish to-morrow were come, that I might get up. Felix, you need not send for any doctors; I shall not want any. My head is dizzy; it will soon be all right."

"They sent for doctors as soon as you were carried home," remarked Lady Chevenix.

"They need not see me if they come," he said. "You can tell them I have no pain, no wound, no bruise. I do not like doctors, and I shall be all right to-morrow."

Ten o'clock and eleven o'clock struck. He talked to them the whole time; but at eleven he complained more of the terrible numbness and the inability to move.

"I lie here like a log," he said. "I shall be glad when to-morrow comes." He looked haggard and restless as the time wore on. "I will not ask for brandy," he remarked, "though I should like some; but I mean to give it up—I do indeed. You will see, Violet, how happy we shall be when I am well."

It was nearly midnight when the doctors came—Doctor Brown, the old established practitioner, and Doctor Brene, the clever young physician from London, who had bought a practice in Lilford. They looked in wonder at the scene—the superb room, the pale lovely woman in her dress of blue velvet and pearls, the man lying on the bed.

Felix explained rapidly what had happened.

"I am all right," said Sir Owen. "They need not have troubled you, gentlemen. I have no pain, no bruise, no wound. The fall stunned me—that is all."

The doctors looked at each other, and then asked Lady Chevenix if she would leave them with her husband.

"There is no need," he said impatiently. "Lonsdale, never mind what they say; do not go."

"I will not be long away," replied Felix.

He did not like the look that had passed between the doctors; it was not a hopeful one. He touched Lady Chevenix gently on the arm.

"Let us retire for a few minutes," he said; and kissing her husband's face, Violet rose and quitted the room.

They did not go far. Through the oriel window at the end of the corridor the summer moon was shining, and they both walked thither. She looked up at Felix, and he saw that she trembled.

"I am frightened," she said. "It seems so strange."

In perfect silence they stood at the window, watching the moonlight on the gardens. They had been there quite twenty minutes, when the door of Sir Owen's room was slowly opened, and Doctor Brene came to them.

"I have bad news for you," he said in his grave full voice. "Lady Chevenix you must be brave. I have very bad news for you."

She could grow no paler. She stood white, calm, and self possessed before him; but her heart was beating painfully, and every nerve was strained to the utmost.

"You must promise to listen quietly to what I have to say. Tell me, first, whether Sir Owen has any worldly affairs to settle."

Lady Chevenix looked at Felix, as though she hardly understood.

"He cannot have much to do," he said. "His will was made and signed some months since."

She seemed to understand neither question nor answer. She looked at the doctor.

"What is it?" she asked. "I do not understand. Tell me about my husband."

"He is very ill, Lady Chevenix—very ill indeed."

"But," she cried, "he has no pain—he has no wound!"

"So much the worse. Any pain would be better than none. The truth is—now promise me to be calm, Lady Chevenix—the truth is that Sir Owen has injured his spine, and that there is no chance for his life."

She trembled so much that the doctor brought a chair and placed her in it. He asked Felix to get her some wine.

"Try," he said, "to bear up a few hours. Your husband cannot live longer, and you must be with him. You must comfort him to the last. Try to bear up."

"I will," she replied. "My poor Owen! And he does not know?"

"No. He knows nothing of it yet," he answered. "Drink this wine, and come back to him. It is midnight now, and he cannot live until sunrise. Come at once, Lady Chevenix; you must tell him, if you can, that he has to die."

"I cannot," she said. "I know it is my place—my duty—but I cannot do it. In some things I am weaker than a woman; this is one of them."

"Then I must tell him myself," returned the doctor, as he moved away slowly; "but that is not as it should be."

"Felix," she said, "I have never seen any one die. I know nothing of death. I am terrified at the thought of it. Do help me."

"I will," he answered—"all that I can."

They went back to the room, and Sir Owen looked up as they entered.

"Why did you let me be tortured with doctors?" he cried. "I was getting better quickly, and they have frightened me with their long faces. They say—oh, listen, Violet—they say that I am going to die!"

He uttered the last word with a scream they never forgot.

"It is all nonsense," he continued. "My back is hurt with the fall—that is all; it is nothing more—nothing more, I assure you. Lonsdale, send for your father. I want to see him; he has always been kind to me, in his way. He will see at once there is nothing the matter; send for him."

Felix left the room at once, and sent Martin off for his father. He asked if the carriage had returned with Mrs. Haye, and was told that it had not. He went back to the room, and found Violet kneeling by her husband's side. Her head, with the golden hair all unfastened, was on the pillow, and she was trying to reason with him.

## CHAPTER XLII.

At one o'clock in the morning, Darcy Lonsdale reached Garswood. He had no words in which to express his surprise and dismay on hearing of Sir Owen's accident. He had returned home on the previous evening from London, and a few hours afterwards received the summons to Garswood. He went direct to Sir Owen's room, and was startled by the loud cry with which the dying man received him.

"Come here, Darcy," said Sir Owen. "You have more sense than all the doctors put together. Do I look like a dying man?"

"You look better than I expected to find you," answered Mr. Lonsdale.

"Yet they say I am dying. They say my spine is injured. I am talking to you now; yet they say when the sun rises I shall be dead. It is absurd—say it is absurd, Lonsdale."

Mr. Lonsdale looked down with infinite pity on the face that was almost convulsed with terror.

"I am afraid," he said, "that you have heard the truth. It would be cruel to give you one false hope. It is time for you to make your peace with heaven."

Sir Owen turned his agonised face to his wife.

"Oh, Violet, they are all against me, my dear, but you! You do not believe it, do you? You are kinder, and you care more for me. What is my life to them? Tell me—do you believe I am going to die?"

She whispered her answer. No one heard it but himself, and with a wild cry he turned away his face.

"They are all alike! They want me to die! They will not let me live!" he exclaimed.

Doctor Brown stopped his wild raving by telling him the quieter he was the longer he would live. The presence of the two doctors, however, irritated Sir Owen so greatly that they were compelled to go down stairs. Felix followed them. The night had grown cold and chill. A storm was brewing; the wind was wailing round the house, bending the tall trees, and robbing them of leaves.

The servants were all up, and a fire had been lighted in the library. Felix ordered hot coffee, and sent some to his father and Lady Chevenix.

"This is a terrible state of things," said one doctor to the other. "There seems to be no sense of what should be done. We ought to send for the Vicar."

"Yes, it would be better," agreed the other. "It would save appearances. But I am no believer myself in death-bed conversions."

"You forget," rejoined his friend, "that mercy may be extended even at the last moment."

"No; I do not forget that. But I think the best preparation for death is a good life. I would not change places with Sir Owen."

Felix sent at once for the Vicar of Lilford, and then returned to the Baronet's room, leaving the doctors together.

Sir Owen had grown very quiet now. He lay with Violet's hands clasped in his, as though, clinging to her, he could not die. Darcy Lonsdale sat at the other side, his kind sensible face full of compassion. He had seen nothing in all his life that affected him as this death-bed scene did.

The dying man looked up as Felix entered the room, and taking one hand from Violet, held it out to him.

"I am no worse," he said; but the voice was changed and faint. "Have you sent the doctors home?"

Felix bent over him without replying; and there was such kindly sorrow and anxiety in his face that Sir Owen said—

"You are a good friend—what I call a true friend. My dealing with you was not fair as regards Violet here. But you forgive me?"

"Yes," answered Felix, "I forgive you."

"Now look at me," whispered the faint voice—"look well at me. I feel weak, but that is through lying here so long, and being frightened. Tell me, do I seem like a dying man?"

With a woman's weakness, Felix bent lower over the face that a few hours since had seemed to him repulsive, so that Sir Owen should not see the tears which filled his eyes.

"Do not be angry with me," he said—"I dare not say 'No.'"

The Baronet groaned; and shortly afterwards Mrs. Haye arrived from Lilford. Lady Chevenix never moved; she still knelt by her husband's side, and Darcy Lonsdale kept his station opposite. Sir Owen smiled when Mrs. Haye came in—he had always liked her.

"Did they send for you also?" he said. "What folly! You must not believe one word they say."

The darkness of the night passed—there was a faint gleam of early dawn in the eastern sky. The dying man's quick ears detected the first notes of the birds.

"Hush! Hark!" he cried. "The birds are chirping! Now who is right? They said that I should be dead before the dawn! Draw those hangings, Violet, and put out the lamps. It is dawn now; I see the red light in the sky. I am right, and the doctors are wrong."

They drew the hangings and put out the lamps, and the dawn came flushing into the room. The great window faced the east, so that the first rays of the sun shone directly into the room. How gray and haggard Sir Owen's face looked as those beams touched it!

Darcy Lonsdale discerned what Violet could not—the speedy coming of death. He knelt down by the dying man's side, and he spoke to him as no one would have thought he could speak. He dwelt so much upon the mercy of heaven and the goodness of God that Sir Owen's pale lips trembled.

"I wish," he said, "that I had thought of all that before. It is too late now—much too late."

The Vicar came; but when he stood by the Baronet's death bed it was perceptible to all that Sir Owen neither heard nor understood. He roused himself soon afterwards, however.

"I feel very ill, Violet," he said—"very ill indeed. I have no strength; I cannot move. Can it be true what they said? Call the doctors back, and tell them they must do something for me."

They were brought back, and such an hour passed then as they hoped never to see again. Sir Owen's terrible cries, his screams of fear—for he was afraid to die—horribly afraid of the unknown future—distressed them. It was such a scene that those present were long in forgetting it. Then, when the bright sun came forth in his splendr, and the birds chirped loudly, the Baronet turned his face to his wife, sighed softly, and his spirit fled.

He had been dead some minutes before the doctors found it out; and the same sunbeams gilded the dead face of the husband and the white beautiful living face of the wife.

They carried her away; for the horror of the scene proved too much for her. She was so overwhelmed as to cause alarm amongst those who loved her. It was bright morning then. The doctors took some breakfast, and each went off to his duties. Lady Chevenix lay in her room, with Mrs. Haye keeping anxious watch by her. Felix went home, and Darcy Lonsdale remained, to take charge of everything.

The gloom of the next few days was great. Into the darkened house there came no sunlight. People kept going and coming, all intent on the same melancholy business—preparations for the funeral. Dull gloomy days they were, into which came no gleam of hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A farmer named Donelson, living in Robinson township, Washington county, in this State, had his cellar cleaned up, a few days ago, when $700 in notes were found under a lot of planks, in a tin box, and $500 in gold in a tin cup. The farmer believed it was placed there by his father and calling his two brothers together, made an equal division of the spoils.

# Scientific and Useful.

GLASS CLOTHING.—It may seem a transparent falsehood to state that people wear glass clothing, but this sort of apparel may yet come into use. Glass would seem to be about the last thing to think of as clothing, but it is nevertheless true that glass cloth is now being made in Germany.

STREET CAR MOTOR.—A new method has been invented for propelling the street cars in New York; it is an engine worked by compressed air contained in tanks under the seats, and operated by one man on the platform. It will run ten or twelve miles without charging the tank.

SULPHURLESS MATCHES.—Some matches are made without sulphur thus avoiding the offensive smell of that material. A German composition for this purpose consists of phosphorous, four parts; water, ten; fine glue, six; red ochre or red lead, five; smalt, two. The ingredients, in the order named, are incorporated with the liquefied glue to form a paste.

TO REMOVE GREASE.—To remove grease from wall papers, mix some fuller's earth with ox-gall and cold water, and spread it on the spot. Pin a little blotting paper over the mixture, and leave it for three or four hours, then brush it off carefully, when in all probability the grease will be removed; if not, renew the operation—the success of which, however, depends upon the paper cleaning nicely.

SALT SPECIMENS.—A solution of common salt is now recommended for preserving botanical and zoological specimens. It is cheaper than alcohol, does not evaporate readily, and does not disappear in other ways. Another advantage of the brine is that it does not change the color of the substances submerged in it. The saline solution having been boiled to expel gas, the specimens are placed in it at a temperature of 80 degrees C., and then the vessel is closely sealed.

ENGLISH COTTONS, ETC.—Some significant facts were recently brought out in a court case, in England, which suggest some reasons for the successful competition of American cottons with those of English manufacture. A suit had been brought to recover a sum of money "for sizing twenty-seven warps" for the defendant, a cotton manufacturer. The Judge did not understand what "sizing" meant and it was explained that "sizing" was "loading" or adulteration of cotton goods. The size consisted of flour, China clay, Epsom salts, chlorate of zinc and other chemicals.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.—A machine has been invented to weigh illuminating gas, so that we can get at the quality as well as at the quantity.—Fine shreds of India rubber dissolved in warm copal varnish make a waterproof cement for wood and leather.—Emery paper is common paper brushed with liquid glue and dusted with emery of the required grade of fineness.—The planet Neptune, the most distant one of the solar system, is thirty times as far from the sun as is our earth.—A strong glue, sold as cement, may be made by infusing glue and isinglass in alcohol: beat gently and add powdered chalk.

# Farm and Garden.

HEATING SURFACES OF GREENHOUSES.—To find how many square feet of heating surface is necessary to warm a greenhouse where hot pipes are used: Where double sashes are used, the heating surface furnished for an ordinary apartment will be sufficient; but for single sashes the heating surfaces can be made twice as great, to advantage.

WORMS IN HORSES.—The following is a good receipt for worms in horses: Powdered poplar bark, two ounces; powdered sulphur, four ounces; salt, three ounces; mixed well. Divide this mass into twelve parts, and mix one with the food every night. This will not only remove worms, but also tone up the digestive organs, so that the parasites cannot find a foothold.

RAT POISON.—An English paper tells of a new poison for rats and mice. It is precipitated carbonate of baryta. This occurs as a heavy, fine, white powder, devoid of taste or smell, and can be purchased at any ordinary drug store. A portion of it was mixed with four times its weight of sound barley meal, and made into a stiff paste with water, and small pellets of the soft cake introduced into the holes of rats, house mice, and field mice.

PROFIT FROM LAMBS.—The greatest source of profit from sheep keep lies in the sale of early lambs. The butchers usually pay from $3 50 to $4 per head for good animals of this sort. Late lambs are gathered up by drovers and shipped to the large cities. They do not usually command more than $2 50 or $3 per head. Even taking into consideration the extra care and cost of raising them, the early lambs pay somewhat the best.

TO CURE HAMS.—For every ham, half a pound each of salt and brown sugar, half an ounce each of cayenne pepper, allspice, and saltpeter; mix and rub well over the hams; laying them in the barrel they are to be kept in, with the skin side down; let them remain a week; make a pickle of water and salt strong enough to bear an egg, add to it half a pound sugar, pour over the hams until they are thoroughly covered, let them remain four weeks, take out and hang up to dry for at least a week before smoking; smoke with corn-cobs or hickory chips.

THE USE OF CORN.—A Virginian writes in praise of corn, not only as the best food for laboring men, but for domestic animals of all kinds. He states that the usual rations for a negro laborer, for a week, is one and a half pecks of corn, three pounds of bacon, and a little molasses. They thrive on it, and are healthy and strong. Southern horses and mules as a rule, have only corn for grain, but they live longer and do more work than horses that feed on oats. In some parts of the country dogs are fed almost exclusively on corn meal, and they not unfrequently eat corn in ear, while wandering cars devour it on the stalk. Even cats eat corn meal stirred up with water, as is done in case of chicken feed.

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.—An intending purchaser should have the horse brought out before him, and watch the animal as he stands at rest. If the owner is continually starting the horse into motion, and urging him to "showing off," harm may be suspected, as it is when the horse is at perfect rest that his weak points are divulged. If the horse be sound, he will stand square on his limbs, without moving any of them, the feet being placed flat upon the ground, and naturally posed. If one foot be thrown forward, and the toe pointing to the ground, and the heel raised; or if the foot be lifted from the ground, and the weight taken from it, disease or tenderness may be suspected.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 8, 1879.


## LIFE'S OCCUPATION.

WHEN one's life is uninspired by any engrossing object or purpose, it is always the longest to look forward upon, the briefest and darkest in retrospect. The future lies before the mental vision as a vista, straight and unmeasured, while the traces left in the past are like a track across the desert, traceable only for a short distance, and seemingly short. By marking the way with the various incidents connected with active duties, the past may be made a pleasant object to retrace in thought, and the more numerous these records the longer and better defined it will appear, while mournful remembrances of time wasted, or life's losses, give the sense of having lived long in the world. In this case the feeling is one of weariness, while the other brings a sense of maturity and experience, which inspires a consciousness of strength and increasing ability. It is undoubtedly the busy life which seems the longest; and those who would have the sense of happy maturity, to cheer them in later years, when the consciousness of waning energy begins, must live with a purpose and worthily, while life is young and vigorous. Nothing so effectually prepares the mind for rest as a sense of having labored to some good result, and those who can look back on the largest amount of work accomplished, enjoy the feeling of having lived the longest, being ready to lay down the responsibility of life with the satisfaction of duty discharged, and the least regret on surrendering it. If we would have time pass lightly, with none of the painful sense of being burdened and wearied, and having to resort to all sorts of devices to "kill time," which embitters the existence of so many, we should set our minds earnestly on some object towards which ambition and energy may strive. When work or occupation gives energy and hope; when it lightens the darkness and brightens the daylight, it has a purpose. The mind should not count any enterprise a task without reward, but always as a means to some end on which the eye of faith and expectancy is fixed. Life, to be happy, must have an object and a future. Nothing else can sweeten it or make it pass pleasantly, and bring a full realization of its joys.

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IN compliance with many requests from subscribers, we have begun a "puzzle" column in the POST, under the title of "Cerebrations." A well-conducted department of this character is frequently claimed to be both instructive and entertaining, and "Cerebrations" has been placed in such hands as to ensure all possible excellence. We hope that the innovation will meet with the cordial approval of our readers, and be to them—as we intend it—a source of varied information and amusement. Should it not prove so, after giving it a fair trial, we will discontinue it.

"THE Life and Genius of Bayard Taylor." Mr. Henry Peterson, formerly editor and publisher of the POST, has prepared a lecture on the above subject, to which we call the attention of lyceums, lecture committees, &c. Mr. Peterson had a life-long acquaintance with Mr. Taylor, and is a very effective lecturer. We think this lecture, therefore, cannot fail to prove both instructive and entertaining.

## SANCTUM CHAT.

THE possibilities of the telephone may be imagined from the fact that a whisper was distinctly heard one day last week between Indianapolis and Chicago, 210 miles. Railroad men in those two cities recognised each other by their voices.

—

NORDENSKJOLD'S wonderful achievements seem to have given a new impetus to Arctic explorations. Much interest is manifested in Europe with regard to the American Arctic Expedition. It is not improbable that the Jeannette, the safe arrival of which at San Francisco was lately announced, may meet with Professor Nordenskjold in Behrings Straits next summer.

—

A correspondent mentions a source of danger in the use of kerosene lamps which seems to have been generally over looked, namely, allowing lamps to stand near hot stoves, on mantelpieces, and in other places where they become heated sufficiently to convert the oil into gas. Not unfrequently persons engaged in cooking or other work about the stove will stand the lamp on an adjacent mantelpiece, or even on the top of a raised oven; or when ironing will set the lamp near the stand on which the heated iron rests. It is needless to enlarge upon the risky character of such practices.

—

PROFESSOR Loomis, of Washington, appears to be still enthusiastically carrying on his experiments in aerial telegraphy. It is based on the theory that at certain elevations there is a natural electric current, by taking advantage of which wires may be wholly dispensed with. It is said he has telegraphed as far as eleven miles by means of kites reaching the same altitude or got into the same current. Communication by means of an instrument similar to the Morse instrument was easy and perfect, but ceased as soon as one of the kites was lowered. He has built towers on two hills about twenty miles apart, and from the tops of them run up steel rods into the region of the electric current.

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THE pressure of the hard times must be sorely felt in Merrie England, when art treasures are sold for a song at Christie's. Men no longer stand ready to pay out their thousands for an old fiddle, or a historic snuff-box, or a bit of blue. No one will invest more than $50 even in a Rubens. A painting described as by Godfrey Kneller, representing a court beauty, recently went for $5. Another rare work, a Somersetshire landscape, by Baroer, of Bath, was sold for $12.50. A man, who has plenty of money and is keeping it, and does not mind waiting for the interest for a year or two, ought to make a fortune now. He has only to invest in old pictures and bric-a-brac, and when prosperity returns he will realise 500 per cent.

—

IT has often been said that figuratively, that marriage is a lottery; but we do not recollect to have met with a practical illustration of the truth of the simile before the following, which is a free translation of a recent advertisement: "A young man of good figure and disposition, unable, though desirous to procure a wife without the preliminary trouble of amassing a fortune, proposes the following expedient to attain the object of his wishes. He offers himself as the prize of a lottery to widows and virgins under thirty-two. The number of tickets to be 600 at $50 each. But one number to be drawn from the wheel, the fortunate proprietor of which is to be entitled to himself and the $30,000."

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THE oft-repeated story that the Quakers are a decaying body is by no means true, for an English journal asserts positively that not only has the falling off in number of members of the Society been checked for many years, but a comparatively rapid growth has also occurred in the last few years. This is marked by the increase of some of the older "meetings" of the body both in England and America, and by the spread of the denomination into other parts, if even on a small scale. Notwithstanding emigration, there is an addition to the small number of Quakers in Norway and Denmark, and a "monthly meeting" has been established in Syria. Some time ago a Friends mission was commenced at Mount Lebanon and there are a score of members there.

—

As a practical issue to the yellow fever investigation set on foot by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, that lady is devoting much attention and giving countenance and encouragement to a project for proving the effects of artificially-produced frost in limiting the spread of the disease. She has taken up and earnestly supports the proposition of Prof. John Gamgee, of London, to provide a refrigerating and ventilating ship to be propelled by steam and filled with powerful refrigerating and ventilating apparatus, to be stationed at New Orleans and moved thence from point to point as required, and test the effects of the low temperature in extinguishing the germs of fever on board of infected ships and other localities. It is urged that Surgeon-General Woodworth should have means of proving once for all, whether frost kills or only scotches the deadly virus, and to that end Congress is to be asked to make the necessary appropriations.

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THE death of Alexander M. W. Ball, at Elizabeth, N. J., recalls the sharp literary controversy which has been carried on in newspapers and pamphlets for years regarding the authorship of those popular verses, "Rock Me to Sleep." The verses were first published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, in 1860, and were ascribed to "Florence Percy" (Mrs. Elizabeth Akers.) Mr. Ball at once made public a claim that the six verses published were a portion of a Christmas poem which he had read before his family in 1836, and with numerous alterations which he had from time to time added, had been read to numerous friends and Congressmen prior to its publication by Mrs. Akers. The controversy as to authorship is now ended, so far as Mr. Ball is concerned. He had made the most solemn assertions that the poem is his, and many of his New Jersey friends are ready, if necessary, to take up the contest, although so good an authority on such matters as the late William Cullen Bryant had decided in favor of "Florence Percy."

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To be quite in the fashion it is the correct thing to have one's table-linen ornamented with a border designed to match the china. Knife-handles, too, should be of china, and bear the same ornaments pattern. The initials and coronets worked upon the table-linen are at times varied, especially by those who have no coronets to work upon it, by a pretty little bouquet tied with ribbon, a few daisies, or a quaint Japanese or Chinese figure, or any other eccentricity. Table napkins trimmed with lace are also quite the rage, especially at luncheon, or tea. Likewise it is proper to blend styles on the dinner-table. Thus you may drink out of a Venetian goblet, eat off old Marseilles, and take your ice from a dainty little Japanese plate. But, of course, the medley must not be too pronounced, must not offend against the rules of good taste. Rouen and Delft would not go together, nor ruby Bohemian and pale Venetian, nor would Sevres consort with Saxony. Otherwise, fancifulness, eccentricity, not to say extravagance, are, seemingly, quite the right thing at the present time. Even a dinner service in splendid porcelain, blue and white, and embellished with wreaths of exquisitely painted onions (!) is considered admissible in refined society.

—

IN the Massachusetts Legislature a bill is under consideration which provides that tramps shall be imprisoned at hard labor for one year, and that "any tramp who shall enter any dwelling house or any unoccupied building, or kindle any fire in the highway or on the land of another, without the consent of the occupant thereof, or shall be found carrying firearms or other dangerous weapons, or shall threaten to do any injury to the person or property of another, shall be punished by imprisonment in the House of Correction or State workhouse not more than two years." The enactment is not applicable to any female, to a minor under sixteen years of age, to any blind person, nor to any person who has a certificate of respectable character from the Selectmen of the town of which he was last an inhabitant. It is worthy of imitation by all the State legislatures and its adoption would soon settle the vexed question of how to lessen the tramp evil.

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DURING the middle ages the sideboard or "dressior" of the French, took the place of the modern china cabinet for the display of useful and ornamental objects of art. It was made of hard wood, elaborately carved, and receding shelves were covered either with plain cloths of spotless linen bordered with lace, or with silk and velvet richly embroidered. The top shelf was the place for vases, flacons, and pitchers of ornamental pottery and enamelled metals. The second shelf contained dishes and plates of silver and gold with the rich, of pewter with the middle classes. On the lowest shelf the finest specimens of artistic metal work were displayed, amongst which hannapers, goblets, salts, almsbowls, and cruet stands took conspicuous part. The hannaper, or loving cup, was either made of precious metals elaborately chased and engraved, or of enamelled crystal glass from Bohemia; the salt-cellars were placed on miniature carriages, to move from one guest to the other; but the great showpiece was the cruet stand, the famous "nef" of the French.

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PARIS has no quarters into which ladies might not penetrate with impunity. At the dog market held every Monday, near the Barriere St. Jacques, old ladies are to be seen in great numbers, bargaining for pets stolen from England. A system of free exchange is said to go on between the French and English dog fanciers, so that valuable quadrupeds filched on one side of the Channel are speedily shipped to the other. Anyhow, it is noticeable that many of the pugs, King Charles,' terriers, and Havanahs, sold at the market, are such well-mannered little dogs that they must have received their educations elsewhere than in the back yards of frowsy shops. The fashion in dogs vary, and it is rather surprising to see how quick the demand for any special breed is met by a lavish supply. A few years ago we were told that the race of pugs was dying out; but some great ladies took to cultivating pugs, and lo! all the markets swarmed with black-nosed little monsters. Yellow, wiry English terriers are now the rage in Paris, and Italian greyhounds have become so scarce that a fancier said that he could not undertake to furnish a well matched pair—cream or mouse color—for less than $120. Let any *grande dame* or popular actress set up a pair of greyhounds, in a twelvemonth we shall see these shivering, uncomfortable little creatures skipping over the pavements of every city from Dunkirk to Bayonne. Amateurs of bull-dogs will be sorry to hear that M. Gigot's late edict against this race has altogether scoured them from the market, for it is now forbidden to walk a bull-dog about the city even with a chain and a muzzle on. There are also placards advertising dogs "who go well in single harness." This applies to the long-suffering animals—mastiffs or colleys—who are made to drag the carts of milk-men, bakers, and butchers in French Flanders and all over Belgium and Switzerland.

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EVERY one has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things quietly. The woman who can go without her dinner and not advertise the fact, who can lose her purse and keep her temper, who makes light of the burdens of life, and can wear a shoe that pinches without anyone being the wiser, who does not magnify the mote in her neighbor's eye into a beam; who will swallow bitter words without leaving the taste in other people's mouths; who can have a thorn in the flesh without pricking all her friends with it; such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of all.

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COLORADO.—Colorado, "the colored land," derived its name from its many-colored turreted hills and rocks, which, white, pink, and blue, stand out in painted contrast with the unchanging greenery of gnarled and wide-fringed pines.

### A LITTLE BIRD.

It was not in the blooming May,
It was not in the dimply Spring,
But deep in the leaden gray
Of the new year's bitterest day,
That a sweet little bird that had lost her way,
A tiny feathery thing,
Lightly perched on my heart's bare spray
(Poor little bird, she had lost her way!)
And folded her downy wing,
And chirruped and sung on my heart's bare spray,
Folding her soft wee wing.

Sitting alone and apart,
Her notes rang clear and keen,
And lo! with a strange sweet start,
Each unborn bud in my frozen heart,
Pent in its deeps unseen,
Flashed to the light, a quivering dart
(Each yearning bud in my frozen heart)
And thrilled into poignant green;
And now she nests in my leafy heart,
Embroidered in the shadowy green.

# POMEROY ABBEY.

## BY MRS HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXX.—[CONTINUED.]

I KNOW that, "Guy faintly replied, for his artificial strength, called forth by excitement, was failing; "I was but glancing at a remote contingency. The child assures the world, I hear, that she is to be the future Lady of Pomeroy. Should the childish love, now existing between them, grow into reality later, you will not set your face against it, against my child, Sybilla, from remembrance of her mother's sin?"

"Oh Guy, how could you think there was need to ask it? Indeed, you have my hearty promise. I love Mary."

"You will see your wife, won't you, Guy?" pleaded Joan, who was always for peace.

"You may bring her to see me when I am dead. I wish her no ill; let her convince herself that the ghost was myself, and so her terror will subside. No more argument, Joan: I will not hear it."

"Only just to speak your forgiveness," implored Joan. "It will be such a comfort to her."

"She has my forgiveness; tell her that. To meet would bring only pain to both. I saw her the other night, you know, in the haunted room; looked at her well by the matches I lighted; ay, and touched the hands which she had just sent through the pane of glass. Even then, she only came up because she thought it was Rupert."

"To warn him, Guy."

"Just so; to warn him; I think nothing else. No, she and I will not meet; and, remember, she must know nothing until I am dead. Then give her my forgiveness. Neither will I have my child brought here; better not, for her sake."

"Oh, Guy! Would you deprive yourself of giving Mary a last embrace?"

Guy's heart heaved with emotion. "Better not, Joan. See what an object I look now; I should only startle her. Tell her that her papa always loved her; that he has had nothing else to love, save her, for years and years. And now—if you please—I would—be left—left with Father Andrew. I am growing faint."

"Leolin, shall it not be peace between us at last?" whispered Sybilla, as they went out, her sweet eyes seeking his. And Leolin's answer was to put his hand frankly into hers.

With the grey light of morning, Mrs. Pomeroy, in much wonderment and dread, was taken by Joan and Sybilla to the Keep. Guy, Lord of Pomeroy, lay there, dead now. Sybilla, with her woman's heart, had prepared Alice as gently as she knew how for what she was to see: nevertheless, when brought face to face with him who had once been her husband, she started back, as Leolin had done, with a cry of horror.

"There is no cause of fear," spoke Sybilla. "He is at rest at last—gone to rest and peace. He bade us say that you have his full forgiveness for the past, his good wishes for the future."

Alice Pomeroy put out her hand and laid it upon poor Guy's cold forehead. But she could not bring him back to life, or restore the happiness of which she had deprived him; she could not hear him speak the forgiveness she had long unconsciously yearned for.

What a commotion it was that set in at Abbeyland! The inhabitants ran up in excited groups to gaze at the gloomy ensign hoisted half mast high at the abbey, and to talk of the news that it floated for Guy, Lord of Pomeroy. Sure never was so wonderful a romance enacted in history.

They saw him as well as heard him. Guy lay in state in the chapel from the day of his interment, and all the world went to look at him. The poor battered face, his supposed face, had been covered up that other time; now it was open to view: the well-remembered, never-to-be forgotten face of Guy of Pomeroy.

The funeral ensued. It took place on New Year's day. The ground was glistening with a sprinkling of snow that had fallen in the early morning, the sun shone in the clear sky. A contrast to all looked that dark procession winding out of the abbey, bearing in the midst the velvet-covered bier. Following closely upon it, in right of his position as head of the house walked the young Lord of Pomeroy; behind him came Mary, led by her Uncle Leolin; then Major Barkley, Jerome, weeping bitter tears, headed, the attendants. And the death-flag, for the last time in this history, waved over the gates of Pomeroy.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

IT is the height of the London season, and a beautiful day in early summer.

Carriages are setting down their well-dressed freight at the house of Lord Essington, in Berkeley Square; not many carriages; one, now and again, at intervals. It is Thursday; and on Thursday afternoons Lady Essington is always "at home:" and those friends of hers in the great world who remember this, and have time to call, come and do so.

Lady Essington—looking quite an elderly woman now, for many years have elapsed since you saw her last, reader—sits on a sofa in the drawing-room, underneath one of the windows. She wears black silk and crape and a widow's cap. For alas, the good-natured earl, her husband, so kind to all the world, high and low; so genial and so unpretending, has been dead more than twelve months now, and his only son, the Viscount Cardine, is the present earl. The new earl is not married; therefore his mother looks upon this house as her own still.

Lady Geraldine Hetley stands near the door, welcoming with effusion three middle-aged sisters just coming in, for they have an old bachelor brother who is very rich; and poor Geraldine, though getting towards forty, has not given up all hope of being asked to share somebody's name and fortune. Her hair is thin, her face has acquired a permanently cross expression: the result of indulging habitual ill-temper.

In a corner of the room stands the tea-table; a white cloth, cups and saucers, biscuits and cake are upon it. Behind the table, ready to dispense its favors, sits a graceful girl of middle height, her face one of the sweetest ever looked upon. Her dress is of simple material; a white muslin ground with small lilac sprigs upon it, worked in tambour stitch; ribbons of the same color fall back from her soft brown hair.

"What are you about?" asks Geraldine, approaching her with a whisper. "Why don't you pour out some tea?"

"I am waiting for four o'clock to strike," was the gentle answer. "Lady Essington said I was not to begin before."

"Nonsense," sharply responded Geraldine. "People want some."

A momentary lull in the hum of the room, which was getting well filled now, broken only by the slight click of cups and saucers, when the groom of the chambers opened the door to make a fresh announcement.

"Miss Pomeroy."

Greeting Geraldine on her way, Joan spoke a little with Lady Essington, and then found a seat for herself beyond the tea-table. Joan looked taller and sterner and darker than of yore: years seldom soften plain women into pretty ones. Joan was passing through London on her way to Pomeroy, and had come by invitation to remain this afternoon and dine.

"Will ou take some tea?"

It was the sweetest voice that Joan had ever heard. Looking at the speaker, standing there before her, the cup of tea held out, she thought it the sweetest face she had ever seen. Mechanically Joan took the tea, a little lost in surprise.

"Not any cake, thank you. You—you are not Lucy Blake?"

"Oh no," was the smiling answer. "But I think Lucy will be here presently; Lady Lucy said she should come herself, and bring her."

Joan wondered whom she could be—this most lovely girl who seemed to be domiciled with the Essingtons. When Geraldine sat down by her, to take some tea on her own account, it gave Joan the opportunity of asking.

"Who is that beautiful girl?"

"Oh — she," slightingly spoke Geraldine. "It is Frank Hetley's eldest girl—Annaline."

"Is she living with you?"

"I am sorry to say she is. Mamma would bring her back with us from Florence, though I told her how it would be—that we should want to get rid of her when we could not. She has turned out to be the most crafty, deceitful, designing minx possible: will be the ruin of the family if we don't take care. She is plotting for it."

Fresh arrivals carried Geraldine away to her duties, leaving Miss Pomeroy somewhat puzzled. A few minutes more, and quite incidentally, she got a little enlightenment from Lady Essington, upon whose sofa Joan had then found room. It came through Joan's asking after the earl.

"Edmund?—oh, he is very well," responded Lady Essington, in a tart tone, as though the mention of her son's name displeased her. "I wonder he is not here this afternoon. I'm sure, he where we will now, he is around somewhere."

"And do you like him to be?" asked Joan, remembering that in the days gone by the young man had erred on the other side—that of roaming.

"Not when he is attracted to us by a pretentious upstart of a girl, who would like to draw him into an engagement," said the countess. "Oh yes; I daresay you know who it is I am speaking of—that little chit opposite, Annaline Hetley. I brought her home with us from Florence quite out of compassion, for her father and mother are poorer than ever. They were glad to let her come. I made a half promise that I would get the girl presented and stand the cost of a plain white silk dress for it. Will I though!"

"What has she done?"

"What has she not done—cajoling Edmund by every trick and turn—practising her wiles upon him morning, noon, and night!" retorted the angry countess. "I declare to you we are beginning to fear Edmund may forget himself, and take a step that can never be redeemed. Fancy what our feelings would be, at seeing her his wife. I should be thankful to pack her off to-day."

"Mamma, you are so engrossed with your wrongs that you cannot see and hear me," cried a pretty, laughing woman, who had been waiting to speak. Joan shook hands with her warmly. It was Lady Lucy Blake, once Lucy Hetley. The reader may remember her as having been with the young Lady of Pomeroy when they discovered the stains of blood on the wedding-dress. By her side stood her daughter.

"What treason has mamma been whispering to you about that poor child Annaline?" asked Lucy, taking the seat which her mother quitted to pay attention elsewhere. "That she is designing and wicked, I suppose? Don't believe a word of it, Miss Pomeroy. The girl is as simple-minded, true-hearted a girl as ever lived. She always was, and she always will be."

"I confess she looks so," remarked Joan.

"She is so. It is too bad of mamma and Geraldine. Very wrong indeed of them. Because Edmund has fallen in love with Annaline, and persecutes her with his attentions, they heap blame upon her. I don't believe she likes him—or would have him. You are going down to Pomeroy, I hear."

"Yes; to-morrow," said Joan.

"How is Mrs. Pomeroy? Is she still at the abbey."

"Oh, yes. She is quite well, I believe."

"Do they still see ghosts there?" laughingly rejoined Lady Lucy. But she repented of the thoughtless jest when she saw the flush of pain it brought to Joan's pale face.

"They were laid with my poor brother, Guy," Joan answered, gravely. "The superstition was all buried with him."

"Go with Miss Pomeroy up stairs, Annaline," imperiously spoke Geraldine later, when she seemed no longer needed at the tea-table. "She would like to take her bonnet off."

In her unobstrusive, gentle way, Annaline helped Joan to make her brief toilette. It was quite evident that her life had been spent in being useful to other people.

"Thank you, dear," said Joan, taking her hand when it was over. "I am sure you have a kind heart." Are you very happy here. I should like you to tell me all, as you would tell it to your mother, child. Perhaps I may be of some use to you. Things are not very smooth for you here, I gather."

"Not very," answered Annaline, her voice unsteady.

"Lord Essington loves you, does he not?" pursued Joan, going to the root at once, in her straightforward way. "Do you love him?"

"I do not even like him," said Annaline. "I could not love him; I could not marry him. I have tried to let him see this all along, and have kept out of his way when possible. Lady Essington must have seen this, and yet—and yet—they are so angry with me."

She broke down with a burst of tears. That every word was truth, Joan could see.

"Did he ask you to be his wife?"

"Yes," faltered Annaline.

"Well, my dear, it would be a very advantageous marriage for you. And I think Lord Essington might make a good husband, wild though he has been in his day. It is time he settled down."

"Quite time, if he is to settle at all; he is forty years old," acquiesced Annaline. "But I would not be his wife for the world."

"Perhaps you like some one else?"

And evidently, though Joan had but spoken carelessly, Annaline did like some one else. She turned away to hide her embarrassment.

"Who is it, my dear? Are you likely to marry him?"

"Oh, it is no one; indeed, Miss Pomeroy," she earnestly said, the blushes dying away in tears. "I do assure you I am not likely to marry; perhaps I never shall. There's no chance of it. I—I wish," she continued, in a timid, deprecating tone, "that I could hear of something to do."

"Something to do?"

"I cannot continue to stay here; it is most uncomfortable, and they want me gone. And poor mamma can do without me at home; she has Mary and Clarice. If I could do something for myself! Be a governess—or anything of that kind."

Joan paused. "To relieve them at home, you mean?"

"Yes we are so many: three girls and four boys; besides Frank, who has got his commission, and is away. The boys are the youngest; and they all have to be educated, you know, Miss Pomeroy. My education has been thoroughly good. Surely it would be no harm to make use of it!"

"That would be for your parents' consideration, my dear."

"I think they would be glad," whispered Annaline. "At least, mamma would; she and I have talked of it sometimes. Grandpapa, her father, was not at all rich, and she might have gone out as governess herself, had she not married. Indeed, I cannot stay in this house. I think it would give me nervous fever."

"Miss Hetley is wanted in the drawing-room," said a woman servant, putting in her head at this juncture. "My lady wishes to know what she means by absenting herself."

"Miss Hetley has been detained by me," spoke Joan, in her haughtiest manner. "Have the goodness to tell your lady that I, Miss Pomeroy, say so."

Lord Essington came to dinner; a talkative man, with fat cheeks, a light moustache, and a bald head. He sought occasional opportunities of whispering to Annaline during the evening, and Joan felt sure he had not accepted his refusal.

* * * * * *

Not less picturesque than of yore, with its Gothic casements and grey walls, covered in places with their green moss, looked the old abbey of Pomeroy, as Joan approached it in the twilight of the summer's evening. She generally visited it once a year, often remaining for several months, for she and the Lady of Pomeroy were closer friends than ever.

Many years had elapsed since the death—the real death—of Guy. They had been curiously uneventful, compared with the troublous years of excitement that had preceded them. Save for the gradually increasing growth of the two children—Rupert and Mary—the time appeared to have had nothing to mark its passing. The noble lad of those past days, the self-willed, precocious little girl, were now man and woman.

Upon the death of Guy, which cleared up all the mystery, set straight what had been crooked, things were reorganized in their proper order. The young lord was the indisputable lord from henceforth, and his mother assumed the state and duties of the reigning lady.

The others of its old occupants still lived there, excepting Leolin, who had a diplomatic post abroad. But the west wing had been thoroughly renovated, and was now the gayest quarter of the place.

The carriage, containing Joan, drew up at the gateway, and she found the Lady of Pomeroy standing in the hall to receive her. Time had worn better with Sybilla than with Joan; she was still the same nobly-beautiful woman that she had ever been. No one throughout the country was more respected than she; more sought after, more beloved.

"I am so glad to have you again, Joan! I began to think you were lost."

"We got in an hour and a half behind time," said Joan, as they entered the lady's favorite sitting-room. "Some accident had occurred to a train on the line, and we could not get by. I hoped you have not waited dinner."

"Of course I have. Do you think I could ——"

"How do you do, Aunt Joan!"

With very much of the same self-assertion of manner that had characterised her childhood, Mary Pomeroy entered. She was one-and twenty now, and a beautiful girl, upright and stately, but not tall. Very beautiful she looks this evening in her low dress of pale blue silk, a gold chain and cross lying on her neck. She is not much like Guy, except that she had his eyes; not much like her mother. Her hair is of a light brown shade, her features are faultless, and the color of her cheeks may be likened to a delicate shade of vermillion, rather than of rose. Mary had been educated at the convent, only leaving it when she was nineteen; and then with reluctance. She was wont to say, in her peculiarly non-reticent fashion, that, had fate not marked her out to be the Lady of Pomeroy, she would have liked to stay at the convent for life. Mary and her mother did not yet get on entirely well together: the girl was too daringly independent, too fond of carrying out her own will; as she had been when she was a child. Mrs. Pomeroy led a most retired life, and that did not suit Mary. She had become what the French call devote, was fond of chapel, penances, prayers, and fastings. Mary did not like it at all; there was too much of it, she boldly told her mother; and she escaped frequently to her aunt the Lady of Pomeroy, by whom she was taken about on visits.

"I have come to dine with you, Aunt Sybilla."

"Surely, my love. I wished to persuade your mother to come."

"As if you could do that! This is one of mamma's self-imposed fasts, Aunt Joan. You don't know what a devote she is now."

"But that is what you ought not to say, Mary," admonished Joan, who by no means always approved of Miss Mary. "I fear you try your mamma."

"Mamma tries me," corrected the young lady. "'You must not do this, Mary; you must not do that,' she says. You don't know what it is, Aunt Joan, or how fearfully dull the life I have to lead. I have no companion, not a soul to speak to, out the lady here. I am not sure but it would be best to run away."

"Where should you run to?" grimly asked Joan.

"Anywhere. I shall too—unless Rupert speedily comes home."

"What news have you from Rupert?" questioned Joan from the lady. "Is he still abroad?"

"Yes, still abroad," answered Sybilla with a suppressed sigh. "The last letter I had from him, was dated Vienna.—But, Joan, you had better prepare for dinner."

The young Lord of Pomeroy had been away from home for six years now, on and off: paying only flying visits to it between whiles. At first, in pursuance of his college education; later, for his own pleasure. When he became of age he stayed for a month or two in London. Afterwards he had gone abroad on a visit to his Uncle Leolin and Lady Anna, and—he was still abroad.

Sybilla had expected him back long ago. On the return of each Christmas-tide, she had thought that he would certainly spend it with her: and she found herself mistaken. Rupert wrote frequently, most affectionate letters, in nearly all of which he *spoke* of coming home. But he did not come. The lady felt aggrieved, Mary angry; and Mrs. Pomeroy was uneasy lest the golden dreams which she still cherished for her daughter should be imperilled.

"Mary is as wistful as ever, I find," observed Joan the next day, when speaking with Mrs. Pomeroy." She always seems to think the world was made for her gratification. Why should she allow Rupert's movements to trouble her?"

"Why should she not?" restorted Mrs. Pomeroy, but her low voice was not raised or her subdued manner lifted. "She is to be his wife, I suppose."

"Are you cherishing that idea?"

"Certainly. Have you anything to urge against it, Joan?"

"I have not. I should like to see her, poor Guy's child, Lady of Pomeroy. A dispensation would have to be sought, I expect, they are cousins——"

"That can be obtained."

"But," continued Joan, unmindful of the interruption, "I cannot help remembering that another may object to it, whose will in the matter is of more consequence than mine—Rupert himself. When young men go out into the world, they sometimes forget home likings and home ties."

The very thought that was beginning to render uneasy Mrs. Pomeroy. "It has occurred to me lately that I might take a companion for Mary," she resumed, quitting the other subject: "a young gentlewoman of her own age, who would share her pursuits. I feel nearly sure it would answer. What do you think of it? I wish I knew where to look for one who would be suitable for the post."

A companion—a young gentlewoman, of Mary's own age. Over Joan's mind came rushing the image of Annaline Hetley. She might serve both the girls by bringing her here.

"I know of one," she answered, rather impulsively, "and I do think it would be a good thing for Mary. Yes: if you appove, Mrs. Pomeroy, we will write for her today."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### NAOMI'S REVELATION.

THE two young ladies stood gazing at one another. Mary, all impulse, had seized upon the notion presented to her of a companion; and Annaline Hetley had come down without delay. The young stranger stood, meek and timid, before Mrs. Pomeroy, her sweet face blushing, her anxious mind uneasy lest she should be disapproved. Joan Pomeroy had said, and with truth, that Mary had always appeared to think the world was made for her special gratification: poor Annaline felt grateful to obtain the smallest possible corner in it.

"I shall like you very much," cried Mary, in her outspoken fashion. "My aunt Joan said you were pretty, and good, and nice; but I did not picture you so pretty and nice as this. Will you stay with me always?"

"Yes—if you wish it—if you can let me be of use to you," answered Annaline, grateful almost to tears at the warmth of her welcome.

Impulsive, good-natured, proud, self-asserting, generous; Mary had all these and other, contradictory, qualities. On the first day of Annaline's arrival, she could not make enough of her. They played duets together, they sat side by side at dinner, they wandered in the garden in the evening sunset, they talked of their past experiences; Mary freely, Annaline so far as she dared, for she did not yet feel at home at Pomeroy. Annaline's past appeared to have lain in hard work; in lessons and close study, in useful sewing, in helping her mother with the younger children, in patiently sitting by anyone's side who was sick. Mary's experiences seemed to lie in exercising her own will and pleasure, in having swayed the world around her, including Pomeroy, in small power of all kinds, in revelling in indulgence.

"But you could not have quite your own way in the convent," thoughtfully observed Annaline, as they resumed their conversation the following day.

"I had it very greatly—more than the other girls would have thought of hoping for," said Mary. And she was right. The convent had begun by petting, loving, and indulging the self-willed little girl, and the convent found it had to continue to do it. The Pomeroys were the chief patrons and benefactors of the convent, and this pretty plaything was the child of one of the Pomeroy lords.

"Eight years you were there, only coming to the abbey for Sundays and sometimes for the holiday!" repeated Annaline. "It must have been like a home. Were you not sorry to leave it?"

Mary nodded. "I never would have left it but that I am to be Lady of Pomeroy."

The color suddenly rose and fell on Annaline's trahsparent cheeks. Some emotion stirred her. Mary went on, not having observed it.

"When the time came for me to quit the convent, and I found how much it would cost me, and saw how truly happy I had been there, I hesitated. I did indeed. I think I was the best part of an hour making up my mind whether I should stay on, or not. But, though it cost me something to give it up, it would have cost me more to give up the Lord of Pomeroy. As his wife, you know, I shall sway the world: so much of it as lies around us."

"Yes," replied Annaline, in a faint tone, feeling that a reply was expected from her.

"I will drive you to the convent this afternoon," added Mary. "Grandmamma will think we should take you first of all to her, but she must wait. We shall have to be back in time for dinner at seven. We dine with the lady, you know. I think she invited us purposely: because it is one of mamma's impromptu starving days."

Accordingly in the afternoon the young ladies started for the convent in Mary's pony carriage. They were back about six, and hastened to dress. Both came down in white silk. Mary's was new and costly; Annaline's a turned gown that had been given her by Lady Anna: but it looked fresh and dainty, and the girls themselves were beautiful.

"How lovely you look!" said Mary, regarding her critically. "You shall be my best friend always, Annaline; as my sister."

Passing through the cloisters, they gained the archway and entered the fine old hall. Very much to Mary's surprise there stood in the hall the Lady of Pomeroy, Joan by her side, and behind them a formidable array of the upper servants; all wearing an aspect of expectation.

"What's to do now?" cried Mary. "Are you ceremoniously assembled here to welcome us, Aunt Sybilla? Very attentive of you, I must say."

"Hush, Mary, my dear; it is Rupert that we are about to welcome. My son Rupert. His carriage is now coming up the sweep. Listen!"

It was even so. After his long absence, Rupert was returning with no more notice than this. Half an hour ago his mother had received an avant courier from Owlstone to say he was on his way.

The carriage thunders in at the gateway and stops. Throw wide the entrance. Cox, the custodian and chief retainer of the abbey, walks in with the air of a royal marshal, making his announcement.

"The Lord of Pomeroy."

And with far less of pretense comes in Rupert after him. But he looks a lord: ay, and the Lord of Pomeroy. Right noble, stately, grand as any Lord of Pomeroy, that ever preceded him; with the high, finely-carved features of his ancestors, with his own wonderful violet eyes and their sweet expression.

To his mother first; and it seems that she will never release him. Aunt Joan claims the next embrace. Then he turns, looking half dazzled with the ses of faces; sees Mary, and is advancing to her, when his eye suddenly catches the blushing face of Annaline Hetley.

As if it were some joyous sight that unexpectedly opens upon him, Rupert turns to her, neglecting Mary, his countenance overspread with a sudden radiance, his hands outstretched. He takes both her hands in his, and speaks in a soft glad whisper.

"Annaline! I did not expect to see you here. This is a surprise."

Her own face has turned white as a lily. She withdraws her hands from his, shrinking from the notice they are attracting, and falls into the background behind any one whose robes will shield her. Rupert appears to recollect himself, and looks round at others.

"You have forgotten me!"

The words, spoken in a tone of haughty ain, came from Mary Pomeroy. Rupert gazes at her for a half second, and then takes her hands as he had taken Annaline's.

"It is really you, Mary! With so many dear faces of welcome, I feel bewildered."

The servants came next; and then Rupert conducts his mother up stairs. Later, they sit down to the banquet. A grand banquet to-night, held in the state banqueting hall, hastily made in honor of the lord's arrival. Father Andrew, jovial as ever in his increasing years, says grace, but Mrs. Pomeroy has declined to appear. She does not allow any pleasure, no matter what may be the temptation, to interfere with these, her days of penance.

"You have come home to stay!" asks Father Andrew of the lord.

"I hope so. For good."

"That's well. The lady has missed you sadly."

"I am sure she has," replies Rupert, with a loving glance at his mother. "But," he adds, as if in apology to her, "it was better for me to remain and get all my rovings over, than to come home unsatisfied, wanting to go back again. My home will be my home now: so far as I belive, I shall not care to quit it."

"And I retract the words I spoke to you. And I am ashamed of myself for having been beguiled into speaking them to one so deceitful. My friend, I called you; my friend henceforth for life. I would rather make a friend of a serpent than of you!"

With all the cold, haughty, repelling scorn that the Pomeroys could put on at will, stood Mary Pomeroy as she spoke the above denouncement to Annaline. It was the morning of the day following the lord's arrival, and after breakfast. Annaline was seated quietly in the red room, copying some music, when Mary Pomeroy entered, and began to reproach her.

"Indeed, indeed, I am not deceitful," pleaded Annaline, the tears of dismay filling her eyes as she rose from her seat. "I try to be true always."

"Very true, was it not, to pretend to me you did not know the Lord of Pomeroy," sarcastically rejoined Mary. "When you and he met each other yesterday as if you were on terms of the deepest intimacy—hand clasping hand! If there be one vice we Pomeroys despise above all other vices, it is deceit."

"Oh, pray forgive me!—pray remember," shivered Annaline. "I did not pretend. I did not say anything. I never mentioned the Lord of Pomeroy."

"I mentioned him," flashed Mary. "I spoke of him a hundred times yesterday, and you did not respond. You appeared not to know him; tacitly let me think that he was a stranger to you: you made me believe so. If you call not that deceit, what do you call it?"

"I did not like to say I knew him. Had you only asked me whether I knew him, I meant to tell you when I was a little less of a stranger here; I should have liked to tell the lady that I knew her son."

Mary threw back her head. "You cannot excuse yourself to me; we Pomeroys are accustomed to straightforward dealing. Pray when and where did you meet the Lord of Pomeroy?"

"Last year at Leolin Pomeroy's," explained Annaline. "Lady Anna invited me to Vienna, and I was staying with them when he came. Afterwards, when I was back at home, he came to Florence."

"Did he stay long?"

"Yes, for he fell into some trouble, and——"

Mary's dark grey eyes were shooting forth their anger. "Fell into trouble! The Lord of Pomeroy! How dare you presume to traduce him!"

"It is true," meekly urged Annaline. "It was not wicked trouble, only political. Some friends of his were staying in Florence, and he was drawn into it by them. The authorities wanted to proceed against him; he was of high degree and his friends were not; not worth meddling with: papa had to exercise his best diplomacy to prevent it. It took a great deal of time, and of money, too, to put it right: money of the lord's."

"And your people were intimate with him during the process?"

"Yes. For two weeks of it he was in our house. Papa would not let him show himself abroad: he might have been taken. That would have complicated the matter greatly: perhaps have taken it altogether beyond papa's hands."

"I should like to hear that this great bugbear was Rupert himself. And to you, I presume, was assigned the task of entertaining him?"

Not throughout the interview had so disagreeable a tone been assumed by Mary as now. A swift, painful blush, at what it seemed to imply, swept over Annaline's face.

"It was mamma who entertained him, I suppose—if he wanted special entertainment. I was not at home."

"Oh."

"Our house at Florence is small; to accommodate the Lord of Pomeroy, I and Mary had to give up our room, so we went for those two weeks to stay with some friends who live at Leghorn."

"All the same, you have been well acquainted with the Lord of Pomeroy. And you could come here to his home, to his own family, and not acknowledge it. Very honorable conduct indeed, Miss Hetley."

Mary swept from the room. Annaline sighed as she sat down to her copying again. To what use reiterate her assertion that she had neither intended nor thought of deceit? In truth, she had been too timid, too shy to avow the acquaintance with the Lord of Pomeroy, unless special opportunity had been afforded her: and that had not occurred, for no one had talked of him to her. Annaline had been kept in the background all her life, and during her stay at Lady Essington's had been so put down that she could not possibly assert herself. Any information asked for she freely gave, but she could offer none.

Her tears falling, her fingers busy with their task, she was interrupted by the Lord of Pomeroy, who had come in to pay a visit to the north wing.

"Where are they all?" he cried, gaily.

"Mrs. Pomeroy is not yet home from chapel I think," replied Annaline, surreptitiously wiping away the tears.

"What are you crying for, Annaline?" he asked, coming forward to seat himself at the opposite side of the table.

"Not much," she answered. "It is nothing."

"Thinking of home, I suppose. How came you to leave Berkeley Square so suddenly?"

"I—was not very happy there. And when Miss Joan once wrote to say I might come here as companion, I was glad to start at once."

"Nobody is happy at Lady Essington's, that I ever heard of," remarked the young lord. "I was surprised, though, Annaline, when I called there on Tuesday night and found you gone."

"Did they not tell you I was here?"

"No. Geraldine would not tell me anything—except that you had been very wicked indeed in Berkeley Square, and Aunt Joan had come to the rescue by sending you somewhere else. I thought the shortest way would be to come down and ask Joan where the somewhere else was, little thinking what my reward would be."

"Did you want to know?" she asked, bending her face over the copying. "Why should you?"

"Did you want to know. Though I don't think I can tell you why to-day. About this wickedness of yours?" added Rupert, a smile lighting his eyes "what was it? Did you steal one of Geraldine's ancient lovers from her? it must have been something of the kind, judging by her tartness. Lady Essington was gone to bed with a cold, or I should have got it all out of her."

Annaline was carefully scratching out a blot that her trembling pen had made, and did not answer.

"Had Essington anything to do with it! Come, confess to me!"

A startled glance went upwards from her eyes. His tone was significant. Had Geraldine betrayed that?

"Have you seen papa and mamma lately?" she asked, rather hurriedly.

"I saw them all, for I took Florence on my way home. And I have some news for you."

"Yes?"

"Mary is going to reward the constancy of that young attache who has been dying for her so long."

"Oh!" exclaimed Annaline. "You must mean Charles Seymour. I am so glad! Mary does like him."

"Seymour? Yes, that's his name. A tall, thin, near sighted fellow."

"And papa has consented?"

"In so far as that he does not interdict it." He had to live upon bread and cheese himself, he told Seymour, through marrying when he and his wife had nothing to marry upon: if he and Mary chose to be foolish as to do the same, they might; but he thought they would have to make the bread suffice without the cheese."

"Dear papa! But Charles may get a rise."

"He may. I suppose my Uncle Leolin will have to look after him. What is it that you are copying so industriously?"

"One of my manuscript songs. Miss Pomeroy wished me to copy it for her."

"And now tell me what you are doing here, at Pomeroy."

"I came to be companion to Miss Mary Pomeroy. If—if she will only put up with my poor abilities, my wish to please her, and let me see what she wants and how best to serve her, I daresay I shall get on here. It is pleasanter than being a governess."

"Does the alternative lie between the two?"

"Yes, I fear so. I must be brave, and do my best. We are so many at home you know, and so much has to be spent on the boys."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Old Abe," the veteran eagle of the west that followed the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment through the war, is now on exhibition in the Old South Church, Boston.

### A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought your dinner, father"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm a kettle,
And [illegible]
"There's not any pie or pudding,
[illegible]
And upon his tall, worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron
And dined in a happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in the humble food,
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay,
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

### MIDWINTER.

BY E. P. WILLIS.

There is not a sound
Save of the skater's heel, and there is laid
An icy finger on the lip of streams,
And the clear icicle hangs cold and still,
And the snowfall is noiseless as a thought,
God tempereth the keenness of the frost,
And, therefore, in the plenty of the feast
And in the lifting of the cup, let Him
Have praises for the well completed year.

## NOT LOST.

BY CHRISTINE SEVERNE.

I NEVER knew my mother. The sweet young life had ebbed and flowed for many a day, and when I was born it closed. A quiet, reserved man was my father. All his interest centred in his garden and books; so long as he knew my sister Mira and I were well and needed for nothing, he troubled little about us. But Barbara, our one servant, could tell of a time, before my mother's death, when none were more merry and gladsome than he. So Mira and I were left much to ourselves, and were inexpressibly dear to each other.

And Mira was blind—had been stone-blind from her birth. Only two years older than myself, and blind, yet it was to her I carried all my petty childish joys and sorrows.

Separated from our home, Clovernook, by the meadow and grove of linden-trees was Lindenhurst—a large farm, where lived Maurice Hunter and his widowed mother. They were old and valued friends, and from the time of mother's death Mrs. Hunter had shown a warm, kindly interest in us; while Maurice—well, for many a day it had been arranged that when I had attained my twenty-first birthday I should become the wife of Maurice and mistress of Lindenhurst.

I should be twenty-one in September; and it was one evening in the March preceding it that Maurice came in with some news.

"Jean," he said, when the usual greetings had been exchanged, "I have had a letter from Grace Warrington; she is coming to Linderhurst."

I looked up in surprise. Grace Warrington was his cousin, and I had heard much of her beauty, her accomplishments, her gaiety, but had never seen her.

I had nothing to say against her coming, of course, but a vague feeling of unrest, for which I could not account, oppressed me.

"I shall come for you to morrow evening," Maurice said, as he lingered beside me in the porch for a few moments as he was leaving. "Once see Grace, and you cannot help loving her; she is so beautiful, Jean."

I watched him down the garden walk At the gate he paused and looked back, and then an impulse seized me

"Maurice, Maurice!" I cried, running down the path after him Grace Warrington is very beautiful, and, Maurice, you so admire everything beautiful. Do not fall in love with her and forget me."

"You silly little woman!" he cried, "As though the world, for me, could hold another Jean! And is that all? Run in out of the chill air."

Feeling a little ashamed, I turned away then and entered the house.

Maurice came for me the next evening, and I went with him to Lindenhurst. On the way he could talk of nothing but his cousin; and when I saw her I could not wonder. I had always thought Mira beautiful; but her touching, delicate loveliness was nothing in comparison with the full womanly beauty of this cousin of Maurice.

I shall never forget that evening; in spite of myself I was charmed. She talked fluently and well—spoke of foreign lands, fair cities, of which we, in our retired lives, knew nothing save from books I could not but notice how evidently Maurice admired her, how intently he listened, how eagerly he drank in every word that fell from her lips.

That, however, was but the commencement of many other such. Miss Warrington came to Clovernook with Maurice, and the ready grace with which she adapted herself to my father's simple reserved habits completely won his heart. I had never seen him unbend to any one as he did to her.

But between Maurice and myself a little cloud was arising—very small at first, scarcely perceptible, but growing gradually larger and larger. One by one the little attentions I had been wont to receive from him were discontinued; little by little he withdrew himself from my society and devoted himself to Grace. And I was too proud to complain.

And so passed April with its sunshine and showers, May with its blossoms and birds. June, the month of roses came, and still Grace Warrington lingered at Lindenhurst.

For some time I had been experiencing considerable anxiety on Mira's account. She had been extremely delicate during the winter, and, as spring advanced, it appeared to me as though the slight form grew yet more fragile, the sweet face more wan, the slow step yet more halting. Deeply immersed in his books and flowers, my father failed to remark how this, his choicest flower, was fading before his eyes, and I dreaded to awaken him to the knowledge of it. But a day came when he could remain in ignorance no longer—when doctors, hastily summoned, told him that earthly skill, human love, could avail nothing—that we must lose Mira.

I heard them tell him one moonlight evening, and the sorrow that was in my heart almost killed me. It seemed that the house had suddenly become like a prison to me. So beautiful without, so sad within.

I stepped out into the bright moonshine, passed through the garden and into the meadow, full of painful thought. I had stood musing some time, when the sound of voices aroused me. Wondering much who it could be, and desirous not to be seen, I hastily drew back within the friendly shelter of the lime trees. There was no need to wonder long; the moonlight fell full upon the faces of Grace and Maurice. They were talking low and earnestly, but I heard every word.

"And so," Maurice was saying, "you leave us next week?"

"Yes," she replied, stopping short in her walk and leaning negligently against a tree —"unless you have some strong inducement to hold out. But I have stayed too long already; I am sure you must be tired of me. Is not the song of that nightingale delicious?"

"Never that!" he cried, taking no heed of her last words. "You know you are speaking that which you do not believe. I dread to think how lonely Lindenhurst will be when you are gone."

"You will have Jean," she said, with a light mocking laugh. "Surely she will have power to console you!"

He did not reply immediately, and she continued—

"Seriously, Maurice, when I say I have been here too long, I speak but the truth, for, since my arrival, you have grown dissatisfied with the lady you once thought perfection."

"Because in those days, Grace, I believed her faithful and true of heart, not mercenary and calculating, as you have shown me."

"Such a mistake your engagement has been all along, Maurice! How you became so infatuated with a stupid commonplace little body I cannot comprehend. She is not so stupid however as to be unmindful of the advantage of possessing a home like Lindenhurst!"

"Hush, hush!" began Maurice; but I waited not to hear what he would say, for I came out from my shelter amongst the lindens and stood before them. All the pride and passion and wounded love of the past weeks broke forth. I forgot all I said. I only know my words were stinging, bitter, passionate—the words of a slighted, injured woman.

All the time she stood regarding me with an air of cool, negligent grace which maddened me. Maurice once or twice attempted to speak, but I would not hear him.

"Have you done?" Grace asked, when I paused. "Maurice, I find I underrated this lady's abilities; she appears to number eavesdropping and declamation amongst her accomplishments. Come—as the entertainment is at an end, we will go."

She swept me a low mocking bow and turned away. Not so Maurice—he came nearer to me.

"I was no intentional listener," I cried passionately. "But I have something more to say. Maurice, you are free. Lindenhurst is not so desirable that I should wish to call it home now that its owner has become indifferent to me."

"I am not indifferent, Jean," he said, I—

He would have spoken more, but I turned from him.

"Jean," he cried, as I walked away, "listen to me only one moment."

"Never again," I replied, as I passed out of the grove.

In the morning I sought my father and told him that all was at an end between Maurice and myself. He must have wondered much at my quiet composed manner —have felt some disappointment at the abrupt termination of an arrangement that had pleased him; but he said little. Mira was much worse, and grief and anxiety for her absorbed every other emotion.

Then came a letter from Maurice, but I returned it unopened. Hard and cold I felt.

"Nothing," I repeated again and again to myself, "could ever efface the remembrance of the wrong done me."

And when the glad June sun reached the meridian, and the bright summer day was in the zenith of its beauty, I went up to Mira's room. I read a while sweet soothing words of hope and comfort from the Book of books. Then she spoke to me.

"Put down the book, dear," she said—"put it aside, and tell me what is wrong with you; there is something more than grief for me, I think."

I could not stand the appeal, and I told her all my misery—my wrongs.

"I shall never forget the wrong!" I added, with a passionate cry. "It is too cruel, too hard to bear. Heaven has dealt very bitterly with me."

"Very sure am I," murmured Mira softly, "that Infinite Goodness, Infinite Mercy, orders and directs for our own good the most trifling events that befall us. Ah, Jean, believe it too; see that your faith fail not! I am sorry too for Maurice," she said presently—"Maurice, who has shown me so many acts of thoughtful kindness. It would make me happier, dear, to know that, when he asks for your forgiveness again, you will not refuse it."

But I put aside the clinging arms, turned away from the loving kisses, and walked to the window. Gazing out with tear-dimmed, aching eyes upon the sun-kissed trees and flowers in the garden, I could find no words for the promise she waited to hear; the passion was not gone yet.

The days sped swiftly by, and the end came. One night, worn out with watching and sorrowing, I watched its approach. Ah, me, shall I ever forget it—the calm, restful face! Did she recognise me, I wonder, as I bent over her in silent wordless grief? Who can say? There was a movement of the lips, a flickering of the eyelids; faintly, brokenly, came the words, "See that your faith fail not." Then the gentle life closed —closed on earth. But faith bridged the gulf that separated and saw beyond light and joy unspeakable. Not lost! Oh, no—only gone before!

* * * * *

I never looked upon my sister's face again. Brain-fever set in, and for many a day I lay unmindful of all that was passing around me. It was Mrs. Hunter who tended me with gentlest care. She spoke of the grief that pressed so heavily upon my father, of the thankfulness that should fill my heart that heaven had spared me to him—all that a thoughtful mind, a loving heart, could dictate—but never a word of Maurice. And, as the weary, sad days slowly passed, I longed to ask after him, but pride kept me silent.

It was September now. The summer flowers had all faded, and autumn tints tinged the foliage of the trees and shrubs. I could walk in the garden, with steps that were still feeble—could read to my father, and talk to him of the one we had loved and who had gone a little before.

I had never yet been where they had laid her; so, one evening, feeling unusually well, and tempted by its beauty, I crossed the meadow and entered the quiet little churchyard, and seated myself by her grave. The stars came out one by one in the dark blue heavens, and a pale, fair crescent moon arose; yet still I lingered. Sweet was the song of the thrush. The melody brought back my thoughts to earth—back to the night when I had last seen Maurice. Very close were their voices, but not so close as was the one which breathed—

"Jean, dear Jean, am I forgiven?"

And there, standing beside me, was Maurice.

"Jean," he said, "forget the past; let me help you to bear the sorrow which has fallen upon you."

I could not answer him—I was too deeply agitated.

"Have you no word for me, Jean, none to give me the assurance I long to hear?"

No, I had no words even then; but I stretched out both my hands to him.

"You shall never have cause too repent, dear," he said, eagerly clasping them in his own. "I blush to think how weak and unjust I have been, Jean. Grace went from Lindenhurst on the day after we met in the grove; let us try to forget her—let her name never be mentioned between us."

"There will be no need," I said simply.

"When I knew Mira was dead, and you ill and alone, Jean, I felt as though I could never forgive myself; but, when mother told me you would recover, then my joy was greater than I can express."

"Mira asked me," I began—but I could say no more; the thought of the sweet face the grave hid, the gentle voice death had stilled, overcame me.

"Mother will be so pleased," Maurice said presently; "she has so grieved, Jean; for the shadow that came between us. But come—the night air will not be good for you."

Through the churchyard we went, and across the meadow; and the harvest moon shone down upon us and lighted home two hearts filled with a calm chastened happiness.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

VISITING ANTS.—This peculiar species of ants exists in Africa. They march in troops, with the same regularity as a large and powerful army. As soon as they appear, all the coffers and chests of drawers in the house are set open for them, as they are sure to exterminate all the rats and mice and other obnoxious animals, acting as if they had a peculiar commission from nature to destroy them.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—For any poison swallow instantly a glass of cold water, with a heaping teaspoonful of common salt, and one of ground mustard stirred in. This is a speedy emetic. When it has acted, swallow the whites of two raw eggs. If it was corrosive sublimate, swallow six raw eggs after the action of the emetic; if laudunum, a cup of strong coffee; if arsenic, half a cup of sweet oil or melted lard.

LIGHT MARKETING.—Roman housewives cannot be accused of gluttony! The markets are all out in the open air, and the provisions for sale are in the smallest possible amount—just as much as the vender can bring on his own head or on the back of a donkey. A great many venders perambulate the streets, and their cries are shrill and varied. Some idea may be formed of the poverty among the people by the fact that a chicken is cut up and sold in quarters; you can buy a leg, or a wing, or a breast, or take the whole bird at your option. We have watched a butcher selling a half-pound of meat, and the fruiterers selling a half pound of cherries.

PUNISHING CALUMNY.—It is on record that there was formerly in Sweden a law which punished the calumniator with a fine of money which was called slander-money. But this was not all. The slanderer was compelled in court to slap his own mouth, to recall the slander, to proclaim himself a liar, and to walk backward out of the court room. Moreover, he was incapacitated to make a last will, and unless his accuser interceded for him, he was expelled from town. This law might do little harm now-a-days.

ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA.—The mention of ladies attending assemblies in slippers, and of pumpkins and lizards being found in the garden, makes it probable that this story came from the East. The main incident in the story of Cinderella has a parallel in history. Strabo relates that an eagle let fall the slipper of Rhodopis into the bosom of a King of Egypt, who was so struck with the smallness of it that he proclaimed that he would marry the female to whom it belonged. Vair the skin of the gray squirrel was the fur held in the fourteenth century next in estimation to ermine. Cinderella's slipper was of this fur, a "pantoufle de vair," which being wrongly written "verre," (glass) gave rise to the rendering of a glass slipper.

SLEEP.—The most violent passions and excitements of mind cannot preserve even powerful minds from sleep thus Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon upon that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to sleep on the rack. Noises which at first drive away sleep, soon become indispensable to its existence, thus a stage coach stopping to change horses wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges and blast furnaces, would awake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise.

THE LARGEST VOLCANO.—The largest volcano in the world is Kilauea, on the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands. The crater is an immense pit, nine miles in circumference, and a thousand feet deep, or about seven times as deep as Niagara Falls are high. The floor of this pit is an immense lake of lava, from which in the day time slender columns of smoke arise, but at night these columns of smoke are changed to pillars of fire throbbing as they move and roll upward spreading themselves above the crater like an immense canopy all ablaze. Ships a hundred miles away see the glow, and on the precipice above one can read ordinary print by the lurid light.

ALBINOS.—Albinos are individuals in whom by some defect in their organization, the substance or pigment which gives color to the skin hair and eyes, is absent or deficient. These persons, whether Indian, negro or white are of a uniformly dead milky hue, with hair of the same shade, and from the eyes being deficient in the black, or blue, or hazel pigment, the iris is of a deep red, and the circle around the pupil is of a pink color, hence they are commonly spoken of as having pink eyes. The name Albino was originally applied by the Portuguese to the white negroes on the coast of Africa. Albinos generally lack the strength of other men, and are also deficient in mental capacity. The phenomenon is supposed to result from a diseased organization, but its ultimate cause is not known. White cows and white blackbirds are specimens of Albinos, as are also white mice.

### OLD AND NEW.

BY P. W. SOURDILLON.

Where are they hidden all the vanished years?
Ah, where indeed?
Where is the laughter, song, and tears?
Perished? Ah, nay!
Beauty and strength are born of sun and showers;
Shall these not surely spring again in flowers?

# Our Young Folks.

## The Wilful Cricket.

SLOWLY but surely Father Cricket was dying, and his children stood round his bed disconsolate. Poor little long-legged creatures, what tears they shed, their sorrow all unknown to larger mortals! They were in a cranny in the wide fireplace at Sally Day's, the firelight flashed in upon them once and again; like the moonbeams falling so gently without. There would be no cheerful singing on the hearth to-night, for death is death even among crickets.

"My children," said dying Father Cricket, "don't forget your duty when I am gone."

"No," promised the young ones, with sobbing breath, "but tell us, father, what you would have us to do."

"Well, children, I fancy we have lived too much in a cluster; families should divide, and go right and left with their mite of help to know into the weary world."

"But, father, you have often told us to hold together," remarked one.

"Ah! yes, hold together in love; the unity of love is strength; but go out, one here, another there, and scatter your seeds of kindness."

"What, then, must we do?" queried one, and all hushed their sobs to listen.

Then he bade some go to a certain hollow tree near a public road and at the foot of the downs, to cheer with their song the passer by, especially at eventide; others were to take up their station in the chimney-wall and sing over the graves of the dead, some here, some there, till the whole family were disposed of, save one wee mite, the tiniest of them all—in fact, she was called Tina.

"And me, father, what for me?" piped her small voice, excitement making it quaver and shake. She had long panted for change, that's to-day, it seems.

"Do you, my child, I give the noblest task of all, stay in the old home, sing the old song till the end."

"The end!" Father Cricket's end was come now, he grasped crew up his long arms, and his children's wee commands were no more. Then followed a great cricket wailing, and then a low chirp passed out into the moonlight, nobody seeing or knowing aught of it, for no words spoke. It was a true saying, "If one cricket dies ten will come to his funeral." Ere long many trudged their way to the most fitting place of Father Cricket. It was all over, the mourners dispersed, the moonlight dreamt on and by-and-by the day broke and folk came and went, as they did yesterday, and only a few crickets were sorrowful.

It was a glad morning in May, the wind sighed and whispered among the trees, so fresh and beautiful in their spring robe of green, and up on the downs was the golden sun-line where the cricket's constitution, the grasshoppers kept perpetual holiday. And at the foot of the downs stood the hollow tree, where some of the orphaned crickets were to begin their new work, their life work. I pity a few of their sadness as the day shone in their eagerness for the delightful change, for it would be grateful, a perfect existence of bliss like one long, long holiday without end, romping all the day with comrades, and singing out their joy at eventime. And then those churchyard watchers, singing over the graves of the dead, they would sing of the beautiful, glad, the living, breathing out of sunshine, summer, and growing grass. And the rest, they all went out from the granny, with a sort of happy flutter, that very morning, out into the sunlight, among butterflies, bees, gnats, and moths, the songs of birds lending them on their voices which called them.

And the poor little home-sister was left alone, ready at the discourse and sad, in the silent granny. How she sighed, wept, and panted, she who had never before chosen for herself her work! Her little heart alone knew the help she had yearned after, and now she was left alone to sing her cricket song in the old home, to keep all warm in the end.

"How's Mrs Cricket? What's the matter?" It was Mr Spider that asked the question, peeping slyly round the corner, as was his wont.

"I'm tired of life but I beg to say that I am not Mrs Cricket." That was a sore point with Tina, for she knew not her age.

"Ah, we! Mrs Cricket!" And Mr Spider made a courtly bow, for he aped the ways and doings of the grand of the earth, because, as he boasted, some of his family were in king's palaces. "But why tired of life?"

"I am tired of work, at least such work as mine," replied Mina, somewhat sulkily, for she hated his mock politeness above all things; still, she could not help telling out her troubles to some one.

"Humbug work for little workers," quoth Mr. Spider.

"How do you know? Who and what are you, that you should dictate to me, you who never did a good turn for anybody in your life, nor any of your family either?" Tina turned up her nose in disdain, as well as a cricket can turn up a nose.

"Not so fast, Miss Pert; our family has had a great deal to do with royalty in its time. Did you never hear of that great Scotch king who was encouraged by a spider to fight and win a great battle?"

"No, and don't believe it now."

"Then disbelieve it you little drudge. 'Tis hard to make the ignorant believe anything truly grand or great." With this Mr Spider went on his way.

"Drudge, indeed! you sly, grizzly fly eater!"

"Fie, Miss Cricket!" said a peaceable wood-louse who chanced to be passing; "don't call names."

"When one is miserable one doesn't care what one does," was Tina's lame excuse.

"Why should you be miserable?" queried the simple insect, halting to take breath, though its pace was slow.

"You wouldn't understand me!" moaned the little cricket. Oh, she was so unhappy! And now into the cottage swept the spring breezes, it seemed to her that she could hear the voices of her brothers and sisters borne in to her. They were happy and she should never be so there, never, never be able to sing the old song if she stayed.

Up she sprang, knocked over the wood-louse in her haste; a few bounds, and she had left the post appointed her by her dying father. Out and away, she would be free, as the rest were free! Oh, the butterflies! Oh, the spring loveliness! Oh, the romping breezes! She was free! On, on she went to the happy downs. She could sing at eventide to weary travellers as well as the rest, such a song as the world never heard before for joyousness. On, on, and on, and the downs were reached. It was as she had imagined, glorious up there amid the laughter of the flowers, the hum of the bees, the flash, the radiance and the carp of the merry rompers, her friends.

Thus Tina burst her bonds, the bonds of her dying father's commands, and chose her own work for herself, with her nook at Sally Day's silent and deserted. And oh, how joyfully the summer passed! What if the night winds made her shiver and shake? what if her voice was hoarse as from cold and her young heart trembled as from fear of something she knew not what?

But at length the frost came on, the frosts of early winter, which made them all shrink and shiver. As for poor Tina, one stinging frost took away her voice, her remaining energy, the others gathered round her in the early morning and thought her dying. But when the sun rose they carried her out into the pleasant warmth and she revived, poor ambitious mite, who had chosen her fate and disobeyed her father. She could only pant, and look into their faces.

"I shall go back to Sally Day's," she faltered, with the sunshine all around her.

The others looked at her in silence. Could she travel so far? No, they feared not, still, they did not persuade her not to go; it was the only thing which would save her, the warmth and shelter of Sally's hearth.

"Father was right; he knew I could not bear the cold."

A passion of tears shook her little frame; they could but weep with her, and wonder what would be the end.

"I will go home and take up my duty." It was painful to hear her weak voice, to note how tottering and unsteady were her leaps.

They watched her go: they may not quit their post—nay, she waved them back herself.

"Don't be like me, obey father. I will go back perhaps I may not be too late to begin again."

But she was too late. A cricket lay stiff and dead at Sally Day's door the next morning. One more night in the frost had been too much for poor disobedient Tina—the ambitious cricket lay dead, her duty never taken up.

Take warning, children; stand by duty, though it may hold you in humble places, in obscurity, unknown entirely, but there has your post of service, for a wiser than you has placed you there.

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Many Welsh names, naturalized in English, are from personal traits, as Moro, great, Du' black, Vaughan, little Lane, slender Made bald Gough, red. Surnames now apparently meaningless had meaning in old English and provincial dialects. Brock, for instance, a gentleman badger. Talbot, mastiff. Todd, fox. Culver, pigeon. Heathshaw, young heron. Coke, cock.

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DRESS IN BURMAH.—Dress in Burmah is regulated by law. Every article of costume or ornament is strictly defined, and, if any of the lower orders usurp the insignia of a higher class they may be immediately slain by the first person who meets them on the road.

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TURKISH OFFICIALS.—The audience room of the Grand Vizier at the Porte is an immense room, with low divans running around its four sides, carpeted with thick Persian rugs laid loosely on the floor; the Turks never tack down their carpets and the walls have for an ornament but a few framed texts from the Koran. No books are to be seen. His Highness sits in a corner propped up against cushions, his legs crossed under him, and a Turkish inkstand with its reed pens alongside. If you are a Diplomatist, he claps his hands a certain number of times to the mutes to bid attendants pipes and coffee, and he asks you to sit down on his right. If you are an ordinary person you are treated with civility, nothing more courteous. Intercourse between the official and unofficial world, and between the great and humble, free from servility or debasing humility. Equality before God makes Musselmans equal to one another in a general sense. No man loses his presence of mind in presence of a superior in Turkey.

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STUDENT LIFE AT HEIDELBERG.—A correspondent says: One always looks for the students of Heidelberg at his first arrival. They are not as often seen, however, as are the students of our American colleges. When seen, they are easily recognizable by their short jackets, scarred faces, and jaunty red caps with strange devices. Their great pastime is rowing. Across the river is a building especially for that purpose. Having covered arms, faces and hands with protective defences and loaded with their dress a diver no better than a stock-fish, they slash away at one another with long, sharp blades. Another pastime is to form processions at night, gathered about a fire they flit about in fantastic uniforms, sing songs, and indulge in general hilarity. The sleeping quarters are scattered promiscuously about the town. Every other house seemingly is tenanted by some red-capped, pipe-smoking seeker after knowledge. In their gifts to one another they usually present the student pipe or beer glass, covered with inscriptions, and forever treasured.

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THE EASTER FEAST OF EGGS.—The custom of eating eggs at Easter has been traced up, not only to the mythology of Egypt, but to the philosophy of the Persians, the feasts of the Greeks and the Romans, all of whom regarded the egg as an emblem of the universe and the work of Deity. The early Christians of Mesopotamia had the custom of giving and decorating eggs at Easter. They were stained red in memory of the blood of Christ shed at his crucifixion. The Church adopted the custom and regarded the egg as the emblem of the resurrection, as is evinced by the benediction of Pope Pius about 1751 which read thus: "Bless O Lord! we beseech thee this thy creature of eggs that it may become a wholesome sustenance to thy faithful servants, eating it in remembrance of thee on account of the resurrection of the Lord." Thus the custom has come down from ages lost in antiquity.

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A MATTER OF CALCULATION.—Marriage brokers are quite important men in Genoa. They have pocket books filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes with notes of their fortunes, personal attractions, family, etc. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connections, and when they succeed they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another, and it is only when everything else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match on condition of defraying the brokerage and any other expenses incurred.

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RATS WANTED.—What householder who can get no recompense for improvements from a grasping landlord will not sympathize with the writer of this? "Wanted immediately, to enable me to leave the house which I have for these last five years inhabited, in the same plight and condition in which I found it, 500 Live Rats, for which I will gladly pay the sum of five pounds sterling, and as I cannot leave the furniture behind there, in the same order in which I got it without at least Five Millions of Dickens, I do hereby promise the same sum for said number of Dickens. N. B.—The rats must be full grown and no cripples."

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THE TURKISH SOLDIER.—The Turkish soldier marches to meet the foe with the same nonchalance as he smokes his pipe. He is taught from his birth that the moment of his death is fixed and that a whole charge of artillery aimed at his heart would miss him, if destiny had decreed his time not come. He is taught also that he will go straightway to Paradise the moment of his death. With both these ideas he is so fully impressed that no danger moves him, and he lies on his death bed as calmly as on a bed for sleep.

# Cerebrations.

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### ANSWERS.

No. 1. DEARBORN.

No. 2.

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No. 3. MARY THOUGHT

No. 4.

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No. 5. WRITER PENMAN

No. 6.

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### SONG OF THE UPLANDS.

BY EDWARD S. CKRAMER.

O better a glimpse of a star
That may never be reached but be hoped for;
O better a grand life afar,
That at least in the mind can be groped for,
Than to have all the senses desire,
And all that the passions requ're,
But no more, but no more.

O better a faith that can cope
With the doubts of the world and can quicken
O better a life that has hope
To illume it, though poverty stricken,
Than to have all that riches can hire
Or buy, so to feast and not tire,
But no more, but no more.

O better a love that is blind,
That can see in the loved one no badness;
O better a trust in one's kind,
Spite of all of its folly and madness,
Than to stand all alone 'mid earth's mire,
Having food and raiment and fire,
But no more, but no more.

## ABOUT LADIES' BOOTS.

WE BECOME so familiar with the accustomed form and use of some of the articles which belong to modern apparel, more especially articles in common use, we are apt to lose sight of the antiquity with which some of them are invested and forget the many changes wrought by Time and its influence; but a research into the subject reveals a variety of curious incidents. An article in a trade publication devoted to the various departments of millinery and dress, has proved the subject of ladies' boots to be one of the greatest interest, for it tells us that in the British Museum are well-preserved examples of Egyptian sandals made of palm-leaves. In one of them slices of palm leaves overlapping each other form the sole; these being bound securely together by a double band of twisted leaves round the edge. As a pad to the feet these sandals must have been exceedingly pleasant and grateful in a hot climate. Ladies of rank in Egypt paid then, as now, great attention to the beauty of their sandals. In Western Asia slippers left at the door of an apartment signify that the master or mistress, whoever may be therein, is engaged, and no one thinks of intruding, not even a husband, though the apartment be his wife's.

Speaking of the termagants of Benares, an author says, "If domestic or other business calls off one of the combatants before the affair is settled, she coolly thrusts her shoe beneath her basket, and leaves both upon the spot to signify that she is not satisfied." In this way she indicates that she keeps possession of the ground and argument, during her unavoidable absence. A blow from a slipper was more dreaded by Musulmans than a stroke from a poignard. The latter might bring death, it is true, but the former brought dishonor. Some of the earliest and most distinctive examples of adorning pretty feet are found in Jewish records. Thus, in Solomon's Song the bride is addressed: "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes (sandals) O prince's daughter!" In the case of Judith of the Apocrypha, although her personal attractions the splendor of her attire, and other ornaments, may have attracted the attention of the fierce Holofernes, the Assyrian general, it was her sandals that chiefly charmed him. The transition of the sandal to the shoe is perhaps more evident in the sculptured remains of Persia than in any other of the dumb yet eloquent witnesses of antiquity. A method of increasing ladies' height by shoes was adopted in the time of Cyrus, for Xenophon mentions the wife of Iscomachus as wearing high shoes for that purpose. In the tombs of ancient Egypt, women's shoes have been discovered that have this object distinctly in view, having soles of wood, to which is affixed four round props, a sort of footstool fixed to the feet, and raising the wearer a foot in height. It was laced in front.

As the Greeks and Romans progressed in empire, riches and luxury, the covering of the feet gradually advanced from the ruder and simpler fashions of their national youth, to a perfection of style and an elaborateness of decoration which made the craft of the shoemaker quite an art. The Roman low boot was of various colors, generally black, sometimes red, or of a bright scarlet; and it entirely covered the foot, rising about three inches above the ankle, and being fastened at the top by a strap, a lace, or a cord. They ornamented their shoes, especially those of the women, with pearls and embroideries. According to Virgil, they made a kind of light boot, which was adorned with gold and amber. The leather of which the boots and shoes were made was stained with dyes, which cost fabulous prices. Some shoes were brilliant with ornaments of chased silver; others, again, sparkled with precious stones. They were not content with having their shoes loaded with leaves and sheets of gold. Some ladies had soles of massive gold. To come to the time of the Saxon princes, in a splendidly illuminated Benedictional, which was executed between 963 and 984 is a figure of Etheldrytha, a princess of East Anglia, who is represented as wearing shoes of gold tissue or cloth of gold. When the tomb of Queen Constance was opened in the cathedral of Palermo, costly shoes were found, consisting of cloth of gold; there being two openings in them that had evidently been filled with jewels. King John of England, in ordering four pairs of women's boots, required that one pair should be embroidered with circles.

Elizabeth was seated on the throne of England when the chopie, one of the greatest monstrosities of foot-gear, was introduced. Hamlet mentions it when he salutes one of the lady-actors: "What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine!" The chopine was of Eastern origin, and varied in form and height. Thomas Coryate in his "Crudities" (1611) says it was "so common in Venice that no woman whatsoever goeth without, either in her house or abroad; it is a thing made of wood, covered with leather made of various colors, some with white, some red, some yellow. Many of them are curiously painted; some, also, of them I have seen fairly gilt. There are many of these chopineys of a greater height; even half a yard high; and by how much the nobler a woman is by so much higher are her chopineys. All their gentlewoman, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported either by man or women when they walk abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up commonly by the left arm, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." Raymond describes the Venetian women as wearing chopines as high as a man's leg, and says they "walk between two handmaids, majestically deliberating of every step they take." Howel described the Venetian ladies as consisting of three parts, one part wood (meaning their chopines), one of apparel, and the third part being a woman. Similarly when one was asked how he liked the Venetian dames he languidly remarked that they were "half flesh and half wood," and he would have none of them. The chopines were not inappropriately termed "wooden scaffolds." Soon after the accession of the Stuarts there appears to have been a partial revival of the fashion of forked toes to the shoes, for a writer of the period (1612) says, "A fashion we have lately taken up is to wear our forked shoes almost as long again as our feet."

During the reigns of George I. and George II., the ladies wore boots consisting of an upper of embroidered silk, with a thin sole and an enormous heel, and ornamental threads and bindings. The embroidery was sometimes floral in design and exquisitely worked. In the progress of fashion the heel quarters were worn lower, the heels made less clumsy, and thrust farther under the foot. Ultimately the heels almost vanished, being made very flat and low, and then the vamp or front was cut very short. Shoe strings again came into fashion but not without encountering a severe struggle for supremacy on the part of the buckles. The buckle manufacture had become a very important one, employing many thousands of hands, and this formed a "vested interest" which most strenuously resisted what was termed "the most ridiculous of ridiculous fashions, the effeminate shoe-string." In vain was the aid of "the first gentleman in Europe" and his royal brethern, the Dukes of York and Clarence, enlisted on behalf of the buckle. The shoe-strings triumphed. The commencement of the present century found amateur shoemaking quite a passion among the ladies. "There was," says one writer, "hardly a parlor which was not turned into a sutrina, nor a lady's work-table that was not covered with shoemakers' tools; and uncommon indeed was the sight of the fair foot not booted or shod by an amateur hand." This however, was but a passing fancy, and the employment has since been left to the industry of the workers in the trade.

## Grains of Gold.

The less men think, the more they talk.

Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.

What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.

Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.

Never question a servant or child about family matters.

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life has made so.

Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.

Return equity and justice for evil done to you, and pay goodness by goodness.

Be temperate. Liquor has made more paupers than all other vices combined.

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the steps by which we may spell characters.

We can make our experience into bridges to bear us safely over what is before us if we will.

The way for a man to secure himself from wickedness is to withdraw from the examples of it.

Many a man bears his own faults patiently, and those of his neighbors impatiently.

It is easy to pick flaws in other people's work, but more profitable to do better work yourself.

Good resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping.

Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side.

Be anxious, when you relate anything, to tell it just as it occurred. Never vary in the least degree.

Argument in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst reading.

Be punctual; neglect of this disturbs business arrangements, wastes time, and set a bad example to others.

Never deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend.

"Passion puts us out of our precepts," and mistress and maid are never so much alike as when both are in a passion.

Be industrious. Improve each day as if you expected to die on the morrow. Indolence, debt and disease are brothers.

The first institution vouchsafed to our race was the Sabbath; the next, marriage. So give your first thought to heaven, the next to your wife.

Every kind word is a flower, which will beautify our final home. Every good deed is an evergreen which will mark our resting-place.

We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We are taught nothing by experience unless we muse upon it.

Angry feelings in a teacher beget anger in a pupil, and if they are repeated day after day they will at last rise to obstinacy, to incorrigibleness.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to see others so.

Good breeding is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and visiting faces, and do not wear it where it is most wanted—at home.

Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, Locke, and Bacon have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote their books.

The Rev. John Wilson, of St. Louis, performed a marriage ceremony for a girl of fifteen, and her father has obtained a verdict of $500 damages. Missouri law requires the consent of legal guardians in such cases.

## Feminilities.

A man of ninety-two had just married a woman of twenty-four in Georgia.

"Jane, it is eleven o'clock. Tell that young man to shut the front door from the outside."

It is surprising how near age brings a woman to death and how little it prepares her for it.

The higher education of women—Learning how to walk in French boots with six-inch heels.

Mrs. Helen Duncan has held the position of Superintendent of Schools in Floyd county, Iowa, for five years.

Aunt Dorothy wants to know if billiard matches are any better for home use than the old-fashioned ones.

"You've heard Brown's married again?" "No; has he?" "Stupid ass! He didn't deserve to lose his first wife."

No woman can bear to hear fault found with her bodily property, whether it be children, clothes, cakes, or furniture.

The papers are searching for the man who is always ready for an emergency. The woman always in waiting for an offer will be found.

A woman from Canada, who wanted to move her mother's remains from New York, saved an honest penny by packing the bones in a trunk and shipping it as baggage.

No moral man can conceive the common sense of a woman wearing a trailing dress for no earthly purpose other than to meander around with the tail of it caught up on one side.

"The funeral was elegant," wrote the waiting-maid of a lady, whose husband had just been buried, to her sweetheart; "I was dressed in black silk, the flowers were lovely, and mistress wept just like a born angel."

"Susan," said the mistress of a boarding-school, "you say your young mistress wishes to absent herself from the class-room this afternoon. Is the reason for her staying away very urgent?" "Yes, mum; it is 'er young man."

A colored woman at Newport is believed to be the best linguist in that vicinity. She has a passion for the study of languages, and after years of close application has acquired a good knowledge of six languages besides the English. Her husband is employed on one of the Sound steamers.

Coming back from a little trip to Havre, a Parisian thus bewailed his misfortune to a railway companion: "One thing is certain, you won't catch me on any more of these excursions. I have lost my wife and my cane," And then he added, with tears in his eyes, "And it was a new cane, too!"

"If a man's wife and mother were both drowning and he could only save one, which one should he save?" was the question recently discussed by two country debating societies. The verdict of the judges was to the effect that the wife should be rescued. The next question to be settled is "Ought a man to marry more than once during life.

Two ladies were heard comparing notes, the other day, when one says, modestly, "Well, all I want is a man and a carriage and houses, and go to Europe this winter, and five new silk dresses, and a few dainty grenadines, and strawberries three times a day, if not oftener, and, oh, forty dozen pair of kid gloves, and then I should feel 'cared for' properly!"

CUT GLASS.—What is known as cut glass is glass with incisions and ornaments with smooth surfaces, appearing as if cut by a sharp instrument. The cutting of the glass consists entirely in grinding away successive portions by holding them upon the surfaces of wheels of stone, metal and wood, which are made to revolve rapidly. The first or rough cutting is sometimes given by wheels of stone, resembling grindstones. Afterward wheels of iron are used, having their edges covered with sharp sand or with emery. To prevent heat by friction, small streams of water are applied. The last polish is given by brush wheels.

CORN MEASURE.—To measure corn in the ear, multiply the length by the breadth, and this product by the depth of corn in the pen. Multiply this again by 4½, and point off one decimal place. This result will be the answer in bushels. For instance, we have a pen of corn 48 feet long, 5½ feet wide and 8½ feet high. Multiplying these three dimensions together we have 2,060 cubic feet. Now, multiplying this by 4½, we have 13,770. Pointing off the one decimal, we have, as the contents of the pen, 1,377 bushels.

A clergyman called on a poor parishioner whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of of an only son, a boy about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that one so young could not have committed any grievous sin, and that no doubt the child was gone to heaven. "Ah, sir," said the simple creature, "but Tommy was so shy, and they are all strangers there!"

An old Scotch lady had an evening party; a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment to China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak' care o' yourse!', my man, when ye're awa'; for, mind ye, they eat puppies in China."

The peculiar sensation which melts into a man's soul and meanders down his spine when a black-eyed beauty whispers something particularly soft in his ear, is only equaled by the feeling which thrills in him when, in purchasing a ham, he lays down a $5 bill and receives $3 35 in change.

Three brothers of William Cullen Bryant, good, sturdy farmers, live at Princeton, Ill., the old home of Owen Lovejoy. One of the three is a poet, and lives in a handsome house, which was a gift from his distinguished brother.

Governor-General Lorne is fond of coasting—otherwise tobogganing—and enjoys the sport almost every day. The Princess has not tried it yet. She is said to feel the death of her sister very keenly and is homesick also.

Female artists are invading the domain of art in France in formidable numbers. In 1874 there were 250 female exhibitors at the Salon; there were 312 in 1875; 446 in 1876; 648 in 1877; and 762 in 1878.

## Facetiæ.

A tiny thing—A fork.

The best buy word—Cash.

A rocky place—The nursery.

Always in fashion—the letter F.

A great tail-bearer—The peacock.

A leading article—A halter strap.

It is a good artist who can draw pay.

A ship that has two mates and no captain—Courtship.

"This is not gain," as the spider said when he caught the fly.

Mr. Bug Hush is a resident of Kentucky. That is the worst kind we ever heard of.

In dry weather an umbrella is not without its uses—it can be put up at one's uncle's.

The beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle is that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

"I never," said Voltaire, "was ruined but twice; once when I gained a lawsuit, and once when I lost one."

To his absent father a little boy writes that his puppies grow every day, and sometimes twice a day.

"These remarks are uncalled for:" said the P. M., as he mailed a postal card to the Dead Letter office.

The man who stole a saw mill had too much cheek. He tried to sell the owner lumber to build a house with.

Many a man who prays not to be led into temptation, would be awfully disappointed if his prayer were granted.

When is a man, though greatly tickled exceedingly indisposed to laugh? When a fly lights on the end of his nose.

"What I'd like to know," said a schoolboy, "is how the mouths of rivers can be so much larger than their heads."

Tea contains tannic acid, which combines with milk and forms leather—and now we know what makes old maids so tough.

A bankrupt was condoled with, the other day, for his embarrassment. "O, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he; "it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

A reporter of a California free fight says: "The Colonel was shot once in the left side, once in the right shoulder, and once in the drinking saloon adjacent."

A well-known clergyman, on being accused of leaning toward Universalism, replied that he hoped everybody would go to heaven. "and," said he, "there are some people I wish were there now!"

"I declare," said Simon, one day, to his father, "Our Sal has got to be so learned that I can't understand above one half what she says: 'twas only this morning that she stuck po on tater and me on lasses."

"Father," said an inquisitive boy, "what is meant by close relations?" "Close relations, my son," replied the father, "are relations who never give you a cent." The boy said the old man, then, was the "closest" relation he'd got.

"I never thought but once," said old Webbing, "that it was a sin to steal an umbrella." "And when was that?" asked a friend. "It was when some fellow stole my new silk one," answered the old gentleman.

How good a fellow feels, when after rushing through a side street, upsetting a pea-nut stand, knocked down two small boys, stepping on a dog's tail and splashing himself all over in a puddle, he finds that the street car he was heading off isn't the one he wants.

"But you know, 'pa, said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son—"you know pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture!" "So do I, my dear, so do I; and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture!"

"What a duck you are," said an admiring lover to his sweetheart, when she came down in full dress. "Why, Augustus, how absurd! Don't you perceive the difference between me and a duck?" "Sure enough, Angelina. You are dressed to kill, and a duck is always killed to dress."

We don't just call to mind Webster's exact definition of mystery, but it seems to us a woman's scolding her husband for leaving his hat on the bureau, while she tosses her gloves and bonnet on the bed, would about hit the case. And that's just about the way the machine works.

"Are you engaged?" said a gentleman to a young lady at a ball, the other evening. "I was, but if that Pete Johnson thinks I'm going to sit here and see him squeeze that freckle-face Wilkins girl's hand all the evening, he'll be mistaken, solitaire or no solitaire!" The gentleman explained and went out to get air!"

A little three-year-old, whose father did not use a razor, was recently, while on a visit to an aunt, greatly interested in seeing her uncle shave. After watching him intently for a few minutes, she said, "Uncle, what do you do that for? Papa don't wash his face with a little broom and wipe it with a knife."

A quaint old gentleman, in speaking of the different allotments of men, by which some become useful citizens and others worthless vagrants, by way of illustration, remarked, "So one slab of marble becomes a useful door-step, while another becomes a lying tombstone."

Say, some of you lawyers: we were just wondering—how is it, if a man's wife runs away with and marries an insurance agent, and never comes back to him, what relation is the bereaved man to his mother-in-law yet? And if so, is she also the insurance man's mother's-in-law? In what relation, in fact, does a man stand to his wife's relatives, when as in the instance just cited, his wife is "not dead but gone before?"

WHERE THERE IS a Weakness of the Throat or Lungs, a Cold neglected may be all that is required to establish a lingering and generally fatal disease. Even where there is no special tendency to Bronchial or Pulmonary trouble, a severe Cold, left to take care of itself, often plants the seeds of a serious complaint, sure to be developed by subsequent indiscretions.—Take especial care of your health, therefore, from the very earliest symptoms of a Cough or Cold, by prudently resorting to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will soothe and strengthen the bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and cleanse them and the lungs of all irritating substances. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

## STAGE DROLLERIES.

CHARLOTTE and Susan Cushman once attempted to play Romeo and Juliet at Trenton. Scenery and properties were conspicuous by their absence; and the only way they could devise for doing the balcony scene was to stretch an old-fashioned patchwork quilt in front of Juliet, one end being held by the manager, and the other by a little negro employed at the hotel. All went well until Juliet called Romeo back to ask:

And what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send for thee?

Before "fair Montague" could reply, a black head popped out from the side, and its proprietor ejaculated: "Miss Cushing, my bell's ringin', and I am obliged to let my side of the house drop;" and drop it he did, and there was an end to the balcony scene.

The sisters were perhaps not quite so "dumbfounded as a famous singer when playing in "Lucia di Lammermoor" at Marseilles. The cantatrice had ordered a restaurant-keeper to send her a basin of hot soup at nine o'clock. The hour came, and with it a girl carrying the star's refreshment. The girl made at once for the stage, and arrived at the wings as Madame was singing in the finale to the first act; and the next moment Ravenswood and Lucia were astonished by a soup-tureen being set down on the mossy bank in front of the fountain, the cover lifted, and the intruder addressing them, as she plunged a spoon in the bowl, with "Begging your pardon, sir, for interrupting you and the lady, but here's the soup!"

On the first night of "A Crown for Love," Anne Boleyn had no sooner uttered the words, "Now is the crown fixed firmly on my head," than the regal diadem set auditors and actress laughing by tumbling to the ground. An accident not so annoying to the individual most concerned as the gallery commentary once upon Cassio's lamentation: "O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" coming in the significant shape of: "All right, old man; drink away; you're safe!" Equally trying to the actor's serenity was the more friendly intimation from another "god," who seeing Macbeth cover his face with his robe and shudder convulsively after crying "Unreal mockery, hence!" to Banquo's ghost, let him know the horrible shadow had departed by shouting: "It's all right now, governor; he's gone!"

Macready traveling by coach was much amused by a fellow passenger whose budget of theatrical anecdotes seemed inexhaustible. By and-by the story teller said: "Macready is a good actor; but he can never play without applause. He went on one night, and no notice being taken of him, he told the manager he could not get on if he was not applauded. Whereupon the manager went round and told the audience what Macready had said; and when the tragedian reappeared, they applauded so incessantly that he was utterly disconcerted." Not more disconcerted, however, than the relater of the story, when his amused listener observed that he rather discredited that tale, since he happened himself to be Mr. Macready.

A French actor, as a pirate in "The Sea Scourge," raised the wonder of the spectators by extinguishing a candle with a pistol-shot. The trick was done by placing the light on a table near a small round hole in the "cloth" behind it, through which the prompter blew out the candle as he discharged the pistol. Actuated by jealousy or a love of mischief, a fellow-actor one night covered the hole with goldbeater's skin, and when the pirate fired blew fiercely at the light but the candle flared away in triumph. The actor drew another pistol from his belt; but before he could pull the trigger the malicious joker had torn away the skin, and by blowing through the hole made the candle go out, apparently of its own accord.

A traveling company performing in one of the cities out west, where dramatic entertainments were rarely seen, announced the tragedy of "Bertram," the hero to be enacted by a clever but erratic player named Webb. The house was crammed. "Where's Webb?" asked the manager. Nobody knew. Scouts were sent out, and the actor unearthed; but to get him to the theatre was beyond them. He would not go. What was to be done? Somebody suggested returning the money; but the manager was not inclined to let three hundred and fifty dollars slip through his fingers. 'We'll change the play,' said he. 'Everybody get ready for The Review. They don't know the difference between farce and tragedy down here! only remember to call Duphty Bull, Deputy Bertram, and we shall pull through right enough.' They played the Review, and the audience never discovered the alteration in the programme.

The good folks in a small French town, were not to be so easily cheated out of what they came to see. A strolling troupe once announced *La Tour de Nesle* for their last performance. An overflow resulted. The actors were in high spirits and full of fun. One of the actresses discovering an old pair of russet boots behind the scenes, put them by way of a joke into the hands of Buridan as he was going on the stage. Accepting of the awkward handful, he placed the boots on a table on the stage, and quietly went through his part; when another actor took possession, and made his exit with one under each arm. In the next act, Marguerite de Bourgogne entered carrying the mysterious boots, and passed them to Gaultier d'Aulnay; he turned them over to Orsini; in short, before the curtain fell the boots, though foreign to the piece, had been borne in succession by every personage. The audience watched for their appearance, while wondering what it all meant, and applauded the players to their hearts' content. Twelve months afterwards another company set up their bills in Agen, and *La Tour de Nesle* attracted everybody to the theatre; but before the first act was over there were symptoms of displeasure, which gradually increased, until the uproar was so great that the curtain fell on a half-played piece; benches were torn up, lights put out, and only the arrival of the mayor at the head of a troop of soldiers put an end to the tumult. Then the mayor turned on the poor manager, who protested his inability to understand how the riot came about. 'That is all nonsense,' returned the mayor. 'Your conduct is disgraceful. You have misled the people and mutilated a masterpiece. Where are the boots?'

People may live to see a vast inland sea in Africa, in the natural basin to the north of the desert of Sahara. M. de Lesseps' surveyors have found that the country through which it is proposed to cut a canal is of sand and soft earth, and entirely free from rocks or other obstacles.

Miss Lee, the eldest daughter of the late Confederate General, is said to be an energetic traveler. She was not long ago entertained by Lord and Lady Napier, at Gibraltar, and a few weeks before was within the Russian lines in Turkey.

## Women in the East.

IN the present day education is spreading among the better class of the Armenian community, and it is of a less Oriental stamp than that of the Moslem ladies, but the general condition of Armenian women in the matter leaves much to be desired; they are not, taken as a body, even on a par with their Moslem sisters. The fair Armenians are not regarded as the equals, but rather as the bond servants of their husbands. They are married early, often at twelve years of age, without their consent, to men chosen for them by their parents. In her own house the Armenian wife is the slave of her mother-in-law, who directs everything according to her own will and pleasure; she must not sit down unbidden in the presence of her husband, nor even speak to him unless spoken to. When she becomes a mother, the severity of this regime is somewhat relaxed, but she must wait until she is a mother-in-law before she can exercise the full rights of mistress of the household. It is no secret for those who have resided for any length of time in India that a very similar state of affairs characterizes Hindoo and Mussulman households in that country; but I confess I was much surprised to learn that it prevailed equally in Christian homes on the banks of the Tigris. Probably it is owing to this fact that the domestic life of the Armenians of the lower classes is so unsatisfactory that immorality is very prevalent among them.

If the Arab women were any different their lords and masters would not be entitled to much commiseration, for Arabs treat their womankind very badly. The birth of a girl is regarded as a misfortune, and a humiliation for the untoward event occurs. Before Mohammed's time, as every one knows, the Arab used to get rid of his disgrace by burying the luckless infant in the sand. It is the chief glory of the Prophet that he peremptorily abolished the custom of female infanticide; but the old barbarous aversion to female offspring remains strong in every Arab breast; it is shared even by the women themselves. When a boy is born everybody rejoices and congratulates the distinguished parents; but for the advent of a girl the mother herself will weep bitter tears, and all the gossips come in and console her, as if a death had taken place in the family. However, the star of beauty has its influence even among the Arabs. Bedouin lovers suffer pangs from unrequited affection, and they cut and slash themselves to denote outwardly the rents which they feel in their susceptible hearts. Stranger still when a tribe goes forth to fight it mounts one or two young maidens on the best mares, and puts them in the post of honor in the forefront of battle, delighting in their encouraging gestures and warlike songs and cries. If they are captured or fall, the cavaliers lose heart and give up the battle; while they advance the cnivalric of the desert are bound to follow. It is therefore a great object in these encounters to capture or kill the young damsels whose voice and example inflame the ardor of the charging enemy. While the famous Omar Pasha was Governor-General of Bagdad, an Arab tribe which was making war against the Government was hemmed in between the Euphrates and a canal in such a position that escape was impossible. Two girls of the tribe, splendidly mounted, charged the Turkish troops at the head of the fighting men. They came straight at a gun, which was discharged point blank at them, or rather at the men following them; their horses swerving suddenly saved them from being blown to pieces, and they were captured and brought into Bagdad. Omar Pasha gave them into the care of his wife, and had them splendidly attired, making them many presents. After treating them like princesses for two months, he offered to have them married to any of fifteen of his principal officers whom they might prefer, and he told them that he would assemble those eligible in a divan, so they might unseen make their own choice; if they rejected that offer, and preferred to return to their tribe and the desert, he would send them back. They refused even to look at the fifteen eligible officers, and begged to be sent back to their former life in the desert, which Omar Pasha accordingly did. There is room for chivalry and romance even in the conflicts of Turks with Arab nomads.

## New Publications.

Vick's Floral Guide, containing 100 pages, is resplendant with practically useful hints on the selection of plants. It is undoubtedly one of the best guides on the subject, and supplies a great deal for the small price of five cents on receipt of which its publishers will send it anywhere.

"Lindsay's Luck," a lovely story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett which appeared in Peterson's Magazine is published in book form by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. It is a charming little story full of force and dramatic incident with that purity and freshness of sentiment which characterizes her other stories.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., have published a pleasantly told story of American life called "Modern Fishers of Men," in which are woven some of the prominent religious and moral questions of the day, in a simple, easy style. The same publishers have added to their attractive series of Science Primers, a small volume entitled Political Economy by W. S. Devons, in which the various branches of the subject are discussed in a practical comprehensive style, which makes them very readable. Both of these publications are for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

A small volume which will prove of great advantage to the casual reader, as well as student, is just published by Messrs. Appleton, & Co., under the title of "A Glossary of Biological, Anatomical and Physiological Terms," by Thomas Dunman. It gives the pronunciation, derivation and definition of all the terms usually employed in the above departments of science, and supplies a long needed want, while, in its practical usefulness will be of great benefit not only to those under tuition, but those who are self-taught. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The superior excellence of the articles we find in the February number of Appleton's Journal, well sustains the change adopted by the publishers in making it such in character. The contents are "Part Second of the Romance of a Painter." "The Shakespearean Myth," by Appleton Morgan, "A Man may not Marry his Grandmother," by Horace E. Scudder. "English Literature," by Spencer Walpole. "The Historical Aspect of the United States" by the Dean of Westminster. "The Judgment of Midas," a sonnet by John Brougham. "On Certain Present Phenomena of the Imagination," by Lord Houghton. "Intolerence and Persecution," by W. H. Mallock. "Verify Your Compass," by W. R. Grey. "Some Modern Artists," by Harry Quelter.

In Blackwood's Magazine for January we find the following interesting articles, "The Elector's Catechism," a satirical squib on the English Liberal party. "The Haven of Carmel" gives a description of the sea-coast of Palestine. "A Medium of Last Century." The second part of "Contemporary Literature" discusses "Journalists and Magazine Writers." "The Novels of Alphonse Daudet," "The Afghan War and its Authors," and the several chapters continuing John Caldigate. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co. of New York and on sale by W. B. Zieber of this city.

The "Count de Camors, the Man of the Second Empire," from the French of Octave Feuillet, is just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, gives a panorama of Parisian life in which the author has depicted the scenes and characters with that consummate skill for which he is famous. The same publishers have in press a translation by Miss Helen Stanley of a new novel entitled "Philomene's Marriages," from the pen of Henri Greville. The scenes are laid in Normandy and Paris, and the translation has been made under the author's supervision who has written a preface for her American readers which embodies some autobiographical details.

"Reading as a Fine Art" is an eminently practical little sketch written by Ernest Legouve of the Academie Francaise for the scholars of the high and normal schools of Paris, translated by Abby Langdon Alger, and published by Roberts Bros., of Boston. The author has simplified all his rules by introducing a variety of amusing anecdotes, practically illustrating the errors so frequently made by the student of elocution and the public reader, and in giving a decided point to all his suggestions, that will impress the reader more than the usual elaborate style of text books. The original has already reached a ninth edition, and the translation should be equally popular, for it is the most sensible and practical treatise on the subject we have seen and those who cultivate elocution for home or public practice, will find it a most valuable guide to proficiency. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price 50 cts.

The marvelous beauty of the illustrated magazines of this country is attracting attention throughout the world. The edition of Scribner in England has doubled within a few months. The London correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "The whole lot of magazine annuals (English) put together, are not equal in pictorial art to a single number of Scribner's Monthly." But the price at which our magazines are sold is even a greater marvel. For example, a single number of Scribner, "The Midwinter Number," just issued, has a full-page frontispiece Portrait of Emerson, of rare excellence, and contains one hundred and sixty pages of letter-press, with more than seventy illustrations; many of which are works of art such as before the advent of Scribner appear only in gift-works and purely art magazines, and yet is sold for 25 cents. It would be difficult to find an illustrated book to match it at $5. The subscribers for the current year, get in Scribner, not only four of these full-paged portraits of American Poets, and nearly two thousand pages of text (equal to 8,000 book pages) of the choicest current literature, with more than 1,000 illustrations, including a completed novel, "Haworth's," by Mrs. Burnett, but shorter stories, poems, reviews, descriptions of travel, biographical sketches, etc., and also the splendid series of papers and pictures of exploration in the great South American empire of Brazil, delivered free of postage, and all for four dollars.

In children's periodicals, too, America leads the world with St. Nicholas. Prof. Proctor, the astronomer, writes from London: "What a wonderful magazine it is for young folks! Our children are quite as much delighted with it as American children can be. I will not say that they are more delighted, as that may not be possible." St. Nicholas is sold for 25 cents a number, and fourteen numbers (November, 1878 to 1880) are given for $3.

One of the very finest steel engravings ever issued is "The Iron Worker," by Mr. John Sartain, from the magnificent picture by Prof. C. Schussele. In size it is 33 by 24 inches. The smallest details of the picture have been brought out with remarkable fidelity, retaining all the beauty and spirit of the original. While the work would be an ornament to the richest gallery in the land, it is of particular interest to the Masonic fraternity from its noble amplification of a most beautiful tradition. Admirers of the fine arts have in this engraving a production worthy of their highest praise. The "Iron Worker" is published by Bradley & Co., 66 North Fourth street, Philadelphia.

In Frankfort-on-the-Main on Saturday evenings, the daughters and wives of the pawnbrokers in the Ghetto drive to the promenade covered with the jewels left in pawn with their fathers and husbands.

People of all ages and ranks in Pittsburg are indulging in coasting. It has become quite the rage, and many business men are having bob sleds constructed. It is a place of hills, and the sledding is exceptionably fine.

There are now 600 hoodlums (plural of hoodlum) in San Francisco, where the order has been established since 1869. Most of them are half-grown boys, and, as a rule, their leaders are criminals.

Fifty-three per cent. of the population of France are engaged in agriculture, 26 per cent. in manufacturing and other industries, 14 per cent. in trade, and 6 per cent. in the liberal professions, the remainder being returned as of no occupation.

A clerk in a Denver grocery stole provisions to send to the workmen in a mine that he partly owned. He had recently married and bore an excellent reputation, so the exposure of his crime was a stunning blow. He begged the officer who made the arrest to let him stay at home until morning. The officer complied, staying on guard in the house. In the night the prisoner and his wife committed suicide with laudanum.

**Actresses and Opera Singers**

no longer patronize the poisonous enamels formerly used on the stage to atone for complexional deficiencies, but use instead, that healthful emollient and genuine beautifier, LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which, both on account of its purity and the permanence of its effects, is superior to all other enamelics, whether plastic; fluid or powder. While it imparts brilliancy to the skin, it neither chokes the pores nor injures the superficial nerves.

## News Notes.

North Carolina has 261 turpentine distilleries.

A pig in Pike county, Ind., ate two hundred geese last year.

A Jewess in Portsmouth, Ohio, has renounced her religion and married a Christian.

A daughter of Judge Harlan, of the Supreme Court, is the most graceful skater in Washington.

Western Massachusetts made 150,000 barrels of cider the past season, and temperance people are aghast.

Mr. Gladstone, while Premier, made within three of double the number of baronets that Lord Beaconsfield has made.

J. M. Boardman, of Milton, Vt., has a large and profitable muskrat farm in the marshes at the mouth of the Lamoille river.

A Belgian physician, appointed to report on the prevalence of color-blindness, attributes that disease to the excessive and general use of tobacco.

A Washington court has decided that funeral expenses are to be regarded as preferred claims against the estate of the deceased.

The electric lights introduced into the light houses, railway stations, and public halls of Europe, have, in no reported instance, been discontinued.

The Begum of Bhoral who erected the best hospital in India, out of Calcutta, is making excellent roads, and arranging for a railroad to her dominions.

The Cincinnati authorities have decreed that bakers must stamp the weight upon every loaf of bread they offer for sale.

About two millions shank-bones of oxen are worked up every year in Sheffield, England, for knife handles, tooth and nail brushes, combs, jans, button molds, etc.

Snow drifts piled up on either side of the Pennsylvania railroad on the Horse Shoe bend of the Allegheny mountains are so high as to obstruct a view from car windows.

A German paper says that the repeater rifle, the invention of an Austrian captain, is the best military weapon in existence, and hints at its adoption in the German army.

Thomas Jefferson's grave will not much longer be left in its present uncared for condition. The construction of the monument provided by Congress will be begun in the spring.

Diphtheria according to the experiments of Professor Klebs, of Prague, can be very successfully treated with benzoate of soda. No inconvenience is felt from doses of five grammes.

It is estimated that not more than 30,000, or less than one-tenth of the city's reading population, visit the Boston Public Library in the course of a year, and nine-tenths of these come for novels.

A bill has been introduced into the St. Louis Municipal Assembly making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine to ring bells on churches, convents, schools, or factories, or anywhere that the noise will disturb people.

It is said that the attendant of the perfumery fountain in the French section of the recent Paris Exhibition dipped as many as twenty thousand pocket handkerchiefs a day for nothing.

The United Presbyterian Presbytery of Edinburgh has agreed to recommend to the synod that marriage with a deceased wife's sister shall be no longer a bar to membership in the Church.

Rev. Dr. Wilson, presiding at one of the sessions of the Missionary Conference in London, said that of every three persons walking on the earth two have never heard the name of Christ nor seen a Bible.

Chan Lin Pin, the Chinese Minister in Washington, has been instructed by his Government to make a careful investigation of the means adopted at various institutions in the United States for the cure of opium-eating.

Wire Netting for Protecting Crops.—It is stated by an English exchange that one Bristol firm sends no less than 1,000,000 yards of wire netting to Australia, where there is a growing demand for it, to protect the crops from the kangaroo and wallaby.

It is believed that Queen Victoria had decided to lay aside, or at least materially change, the heavy mourning garb she has worn for seventeen years, on and after the wedding of the Duke of Connaught, but the death of the Princess Alice has interfered.

Prof. L. S. Arnold reports that of sixteen oleomargarine factories known to him in this country, thirteen had failed, though backed with an aggregate of $1,800,000 to begin with. He thinks that the remainer are running on a very small profit, if any.

**The Ravages of Consumption.**

The fearful death-roll, covering from a fourth to a third of the number in nearly every published bill of mortality, shows how vainly the medical profession is contending with this cruel enemy of our race. Every one feels that some new agent of relief and cure is the imperative demand of the age. That such an agent, acting in perfect harmony with science and the laws of physiology, has been discovered in "Compound Oxygen" we confidently declare. Some of the most brilliant cures which have been made during the past twelve years by this new treatment have been in consumption. The amplest information will be found in our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." It is sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine** and Pharmacy, Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House New York City.*

The increasing production of ostrich feathers on the South African farms, combined with a falling off in the demand at home, has led to a decline in the market rates for this produce at the colonial sales. Feathers of superior quality, however, fetch high prices. At a recent sale at Grahamstown thirteen splendid "primes" or perfect white feathers, realized a guinea each, or at the rate of £725 per pound. The average price for fine white feathers was £200 per pound, while blacks realized about £70, and drab or fancy colors only £20 per pound.

A remarkable legacy was that bequeathed by Captain William Thicknesse, in his will found July 24, 1793: "I leave my right hand to be cut off after death to my son, Lord Audley, and I desire it may be sent him, in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once affectionately loved him."

There is something more than a suspicion in Buffalo that extensive smuggling operations are carried on near that city. The eastern end of Lake Erie is frozen fast for a number of miles out, and the ice is from eighteen inches to two feet in thickness, strong enough to bear teams, and on it teams are crossing to Canada with surreptitious petroleum.

Mrs. Lucy Anderson, who gave piano lessons to Queen Victoria and all her daughters, has just died. The Queen was always very kind to the old lady, who often made long and pleasant visits to the abode of royalty.

**When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

# PRAIRIE OIL

The Great Natural Remedy for

**Acute and Inflammatory Rheumatism,**

GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, AND ALL CASES OF BODILY PAIN.

During the past year innumerable cures have been effected by the use of PRAIRIE OIL, among people afflicted with RHEUMATIC and GOUTY affections in their varied phases. This wonderful Oil is now pronounced almost infallible for the removal of any of the complaints for which it has been prescribed, and is being widely endorsed by the Medical Profession as a most efficacious remedy.

FOR OUTWARD APPLICATION ONLY, and no rubbing or friction is necessary.

Prairie Oil is a product of the vegetable kingdom embodying no mineral compound. Its wonderful curative power is due to its intrinsic virtue and not to any peculiarity in the mode of application.

REQUIRES ONLY TO BE LAID ON—surely a manifest advantage over all other remedies.

Pamphlet containing treatise on the diseases and particulars of the remedy, with testimonials from prominent citizens of New York and elsewhere sent to any address on application.

For sale by

**THE PRAIRIE OIL CO.,**

No. 9 Murray Street, New York.

and by Druggists generally. PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE

If you are suffering ask your Druggist for it or send to us. Give PRAIRIE OIL a fair trial and you will not be disappointed. Use no other remedy.

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**HAIR.**

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

| *For Wigs, Inches.* | *Toupee and Scalps, Inches.* |
|---|---|
| No. 1. The round of the head. | No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald. |
| No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck | No. 2. Over forehead as far as required |
| No. 3. From ear to ear over the top. | No. 3. Over the crown of the head. |
| No. 4. From ear to ear, round the forehead | |

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentleman's Hair.

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# IRON JACHIN WORKER. BOAZ. SOLOMON

The Finest Masonic Engraving ever published on Steel, from the Original Painting by Prof. C. Schussele. Engraved by JOHN SARTAIN. It is of peculiar interest to Masons, as relating to the work of their ancient brethren. We want a few bright Masons to act as Agents. Splendid chance for the right men.

"It is a perfect gem of Art."—*Keystone, Phila.*

"Sartain's best work."—*Mas. Review, Cin., O.*

"I regard this Engraving as entirely worthy of the original."—*Grand Master of G. L. of Maryland.*

"As a specimen of Steel Engraving, it is of the finest character, equal to the highest class of European work."—*Boston Jour.*

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**BRADLEY & COMPANY——PUBLISHERS,**

66 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.

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VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. Send FIVE CENT STAMP for a FLORAL GUIDE, containing List and Prices, and Plenty of Information.

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# R. R. R.

# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

**In from One to Twenty Minutes.**

## NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

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that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

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FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

## Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

# DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

**THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,**

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

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**Liver Complaint, Etc.**

## Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

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**OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED**

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## 715—727 BROADWAY,

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**Price of Board and Rooms reduced to $3 per day, for transient guests.**

The location of this favorite hotel is unsurpassed for convenience of men of business or families sojourning in the city.

No effort will be spared to maintain its established reputation for the excellence of its table and quiet home-like comforts.

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THE COST IS ONLY 25 CENTS PER PAIR, AND SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS.

State size of shoe worn.

D. W. JOHNSON,

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Please state you saw this advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post.

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**A CURIOSITY!** A genuine CHINESE COIN sent to anyone for 25c. Address P. M. DENNIS, Cedar Mills, Oregon.

**18** ELEGANT NEW STYLE CHROMO CARDS with name, 10 cts., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

**60** CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn.

**20** CHROMO CARDS, new and elegant, with name, 10c. postpaid. Gilt Edge Card Co. Nassau, N. Y.

**40** Motto, Chromo, etc. cards, name and fancy case 10 cts. E. D. Gilbert, P. M. Higganum, Conn.

**40** Fashionable Perfumed Cards, no 2 alike, name in gold and jet, 10c. Ellis Bay, E. Wallingford, Ct.

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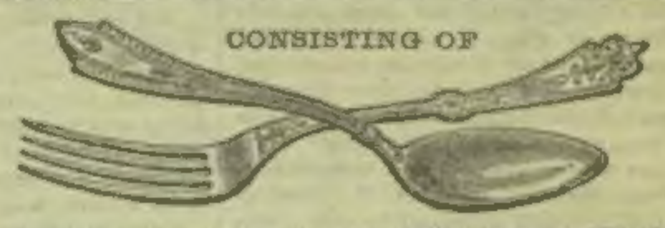

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OUR NEW-YEARS GIFT.

OUR NEW-YEARS GIFT.

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**IT GIVES OVER ONE THOUSAND RECIPES**

and tells the housekeeper all she needs to know about Bread, Biscuit, Rolls, Puddings, Pies, Custards, Creams, Cookies, Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Home-made Candies, Antidotes for Poisons, Cooking for the sick, and many other useful things. Remember it contains as much as a Cook Book costing One Dollar.

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Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

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# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION NOTES.

FASHION seems to have attained the culminating point of elegance, variety and novelty in her creations for the winter, and in the interval which must elapse before she announces her mandates for our guidance in the Spring, she occupies herself with mere variations and alterations of the existing styles; with these we may expect now and then the introduction or expression of some decidedly new ideas in dress, which are experimental tests of their merits, the success or failure of which will decide their appearance in a more decided and varied form in the spring. Although the year 1879 is but in its infancy, it has made rapid strides towards introducing such decided changes in dress as to make it distinctively different in many features from those of its predecessor 1878, for the coat in its variety of forms, the waistcoat, the panier, all are strongly marked indications of the more decided changes to follow, on which we can very plainly detect the approaching increase of the width and general fullness of dresses and the arrangement of the drapery. The polonaise, which has reigned so long with general popularity, has received the edict of banishment, so Fashion has ordered. But a garment so generally becoming, economical and useful, will never remain very long in oblivion, but will reappear as a candidate for favor under some other name, a novel one which will so invest it with the air of novelty and freshness, as to entirely conceal the fact that it is the old familiar polonaise. This is the case with many other articles of dress. A long continued existence is a reflection on Fashion's versatile talent, and they are changed in name if not in form, to keep up the capricious demands of the fair sex for something new. The panier thus far is applied only to rich materials, which are stiff and well sustaining in their folds; cashmere and other soft woolen goods fall too flat, and do not carry out the necessary bouffant form of the panier. But as a characteristic of the change made in the drapery by the introduction of the panier, we can depend on its exercising an influence in a modified form on all styles of drapery in the spring. In harmony with this style the new materials will have in their list a variety with stripes fine and close and varied by being strewn with tiny flowers; others will have a small floral design, forming little bouquets. As an appropriate model for costumes of these materials, we will have the deep-pleated flounce on the short skirt, the open corsage with the drapery looped high on the sides forming paniers on the hips and a bouffant puffing in the back. Does not this recall a style quite popular a few years ago under the name of "Dolly Varden." Its successor appearing in the spring of 1879 of course will have a new suggestive name, while its being the revival of some historical period, will only heighten its charms.

Leaving the predictions of the future, for Fashion has scarcely lifted the veil enough for us to penetrate very far into the mysteries of her preparations for spring to glean much on the subject, we will return to the present and see what is worth discussing. For outdoor dresses the materials are of some woolen material with a trimming of something harmonious in color, selected from the immense variety of stamped velvets, brocades or pekins. The short skirt is universally popular, even being adapted to costumes of the richest material. Some very pretty costumes are made of light cloth—one of which, in a light shade of brown, was made in the following style. The skirt had at the bottom a single kilt-pleated flounce about seven inches in front widened to twelve in the back. There was no tunic, the skirt and bodice being made in one by being full and draped upon a shorter underskirt in large folds with bows of red silk. In front the trimming consisted of two scarfs of the material arranged in very deep folds with the ends fringed. These scarfs were made in two pieces, two long ones being fastened on the right side under the drapery, behind, and two short ones on the left, and were knotted together with bows of red silk. The bodice was quite plain, except the little pleated cuffs on the sleeves, to which were added silk bows.

A pretty model for a housedress I am sure will prove acceptable to my readers, and here is one of the latest designs, composed of dark-green cashmere and silk in alternate stripes of satin and silk. It is cut in a plain princesse front, opening at the neck with collar and revers of the striped silk and showing a simulated vest of the silk as far as the bust where the cashmere is buttoned to a few inches below the waist, where it turns back in wide revers of the striped silk, showing a simulated petticoat of the striped silk made perfectly plain. A band of the striped silk edges the bottom of the cashmere all around. In the back additional fulness of the skirt is made by several pleats turned under, just below the tournure, or rather at the termination of the middle seam of the back, about six or eight inches below the waist at this place. A handsome bow of loops and ends of green ribbon holds in place a large, pointed, fan shape pleating of the striped silk, cuffs of the silk on the sleeves and pockets with silk bows each side of the front. Let me add that this model is equally pretty in any other color or combination.

The dark shades of wine-color, navy-blue, garnet, and prune, are used for street costumes But the richest dresses are made in all black or all white. Some black dresses are enriched with quantities of fine silk and jet embroidery, and trimmed with fringe. These fringes have a crimped, marabout effect, and fall from the upper as well as the under side, intermixed with long tassels of knotted silk, or strands of chenille, which lend an exquisite softness and grace to the general effect. Black dresses, which are trimmed with colored hand embroidery, are often finished with tassels or rich fringe, containing all the colors of the needlework, not put on in formal rows, but across the tablier, at the edge of the pocket, or intermixed with the drapery.

The white dresses are a great contrast to the "simple muslin" of thirty or forty years ago. They are the most beautiful, and the most becoming, as they are the most costly of toilettes. A charming dress of white damasse, combined with white satin, has white lace sleeves to the elbow, square neck rounded at the corners, and finished with lace ruffles, raised upon a wire, and bent over to form a lace collarette. A back cut on Princesse, but with small side paniers, and a trained skirt of which the trimming was formed by alternate kilt pleatings of white satin and crepe lisse, over which the damasse was cut out in vandykes, and edged with a narrow quilling and ronleaux of satin.

Gold, pearls, and other ornamentations are very fashionable, and used with a profusion which must be seen to be realized. Trained dresses of plain thick white satin are enriched with masses of gold and silk embroidery, with not only fringe to match, but real lace, for ruffles, into which gold thread has been introduced.

Metal buttons are taking the place of silk ones, the most effective and the newest kind being of steel, cut in facets which glitter like diamonds, and look extremely well upon the rich, dark materials now in vogue. Then, there are gold ones, ball-shaped or flat, with pierced designs, and, for evening dresses, pearl and diamond ones.

Both for evening dress as well as for out-door wear it is no longer thought necessary to have the gloves to match the dress, good contrasting colors being chosen, and the undressed kid being very fashionable. These are worn in light shades very long with evening dresses.

### Our Fireside Chat.

THE subject of embroidery in its manifold departments, is always an interesting one for discussion, more especially now when it has so much to do with the fulfilment of the cherished schemes for home advancement which every woman has to a certain degree, although in many instances they are not realized; but embroidery, particularly when it brings in use different colored wools and silks, is irresistibly fascinating to the fair sex, and all strive to attain a certain amount of perfection in some branch of the infinite variety of subjects; but while there are many who seek to achieve something, they are deficient in the knowledge of the rudimentary points, which, when combined with an artistic taste, make a successful worker. A few useful hints on the subject will not be out of place in the Fireside Chat. In embroidering flowers, leaves and tendrils, all warm and cold tints are to be distinguished. Violet is always the coolest color, green the most decided and warm; as a ground color, it inclines in all its shades, now more to grey, now more to violet, green gray and reddish grey. In the last case grey forms a combination with broken red towards green, which contrasts decidedly with both colors, and produces a middle shade. The natural hues of the wool have their particular value, especially the Spanish wool for the intense black, the Alpine wool for the snowy white, the Thibetan for the yellowish, the Cassalan for yellow, the Eretrian and Baltic for red. Pure colors are to be avoided, as they appear always hard and cold, and not only in gradation from light to dark, but in the colors themselves, those transitions must be found which occur in nature. We distinguish apple green and sea green, but both are often confounded in application; we discern sky-blue and corn-blue, but the sky blue which we often see employed in embroidery has as little of the air breath that pervades it, as the corn blue, of that delicate reddy tint which is proper to cornflowers. Cross embroidery should have in it a trace of that witchcraft of colors which nature imparts to its phenomena and productions, and which is so highly pleasing in the wool coloring of the ancients. Even to black, a soft flush of coloring should be given. A wholly pure white or black never was used by the early embroiderers. The white was always the lightest shade, and the black the darkest of another color; and in cross embroidery we must, by all means in the choice and use of colors, take care to employ neither purely white nor purely black ones. Thus, the purple was with the ancients no determined color, but it occurred in all colors; there was a purple-white and a purple-black, purple blue, green, red, etc., in all possible gradations. To-day we usually mean by purple only a deep red. Every collection of shells offers an opportunity to pursue these shades, from deep red through violet to blue, from blue through sea-green to sea-weed green from yellow through all shades to white, which is also reached by blue and red, and always keeps a tint of sea-white, and that celebrates its glory in the pearl, which embraces and reflects all the three ground colors. Those who have observed in a collection of shells this scale of colors, know what the nations of the Orient meant by purple! In a similar manner they had their scale in the plant and earth colors. The Chinese ladies in embroidery follow only their unrestrained sense and natural feeling for colors, a delicacy and magnificence to their composition of colors, which the artist admires, and of whose effect all beholders are filled with charm and admiration. The distribution and disposition of colors is in itself very simple in the cross stitch; and the principle to be observed is that of due proportion, which consists in the mutual balance of single colors with each other. If a full color is put together with a weaker one, the extension of the surface of the latter must of course proportionately be increased. Each color has a variety of tints, which arise from the intermixture of other colors that are added, besides the white, grey or black. Thus, one has from yellow, orange yellow on one side and citron-yellow on the other; just the same from red, scarlet-red and deep red, and in each of them especially, each possible variety. Here the rule must be observed, if a prime color mixed with another prime color is put together with a secondary one, this secondary color must have the hue or tint of the third prime color. A neuter ground tint, for instance grey, has no influence in the distribution of colors on the pattern; but one must reflect it, if the ground color ceases to be neutral and centres in one or the other ground color. In bordering colored patterns, the rule is to hem the light colors with dark, and the dark ones with light; but it must not be overlooked that a light pattern gets brighter by a dark border, and the dark darker by a light hemming, as well as that a black ground suffers if it meets very light colors without any mediation. If colored ornaments are embroidered on a ground of contrasting colors, the patterns ought to be separated from the ground by a border of a lighter color, a red pattern on green ground must therefore have a border of a lighter red. Colored patterns, whatever their colors may be, can be separated from the ground by white, black or gold borders. Patterns of any color (or of gold) can be brought on white or black ground without any trimming. In the tints or shades of the same color we may use a light tint on dark ground; even without any borders, but a dark pattern on a light ground must be bordered with a darker color. Oriental ornamentation is easily adapted to any border, as it harmonizes almost with all that is brought in contact with it.

Very pretty quilts of cretonne can be made with a light centre and a broad border of black all round. A pale blue centre, or a pink, with a black flowered border, is very effective. They look well on a bed. A pretty cretonne should be selected. Tablecloths of black cashmere, with a broad border of pale blue edged on both sides with a gold braid of nearly an inch wide, are very ornamental, or the cloth of a pale color, and the border of black with gold braid. The border should be from six to eight inches deep.

Leaving the subject of fancy work, we will resume the discussion of good recipes, of which I have the following to offer my readers:

I think the readers of the Fireside Chat will be pleased with the following method of preparing salsify, or oyster plant:—

Take a few roots of salsify, scrape the roots so as to strip them only from the outer skin, cut them into pieces about one inch long and half an inch deep; then throw them into some cold water which has had a little lemon juice mixed with it to prevent them from discoloring. After a few minutes put them into fast boiling water into which has been put a little salt, butter, and lemon juice, and let the salsify boil rapidly quite tender, which will be in about half an hour; then take out each piece carefully, and set them aside in front of the fire to drain on a hair sieve; do not let them on any account dry. Meanwhile prepare a rich white sauce made with cream; a little only is required, but it must be thick. Have ready some little tins the shape of oysters, not larger than three inches long and one broad, line them with some puff paste, lay in two pieces of the salsify, put a tablespoonful of the white sauce over the salsify, cover over with puff paste, and trim each neatly to the exact shape of the tin, and bake in a quick oven till the paste is a light gold color. Garnish with parsley.

H. S. F.

In answer to Mrs. S. G. B.'s inquiry for a brown bread recipe, I send the following: Flour one-half pint, one pint corn meal, one-half pint of rye flour, two potatoes, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonfuls brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one half pint water. Sift flour, corn meal, rye flour, sugar, salt, and powder together thoroughly, peel, wash, and well boil two mealy potatoes, rub them through the sieve, diluting with the water. When this is quite cold use it to mix the flour, etc., into a batter-like cake: pour it into a well-greased mold having a cover. Place it in a saucepan half full of boiling water, where the loaf will simmer one hour, without the water getting into it. Remove it then, take off the cover, finish cooking it by baking in a fairly hot oven 30 minutes.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

I have had so many excellent recipes from the Fireside Chat, I send one in return, and think it will be acceptable to your readers:

*Sausage Rolls.*—Take equal portions of cold roast veal and ham, or cold fowl and tongue; chop these together very small, season with powdered sweet herbs, salt, and cayenne pepper; mix well together, and put a portion of the chopped and seasoned meat, rolled together, into puff paste to cover it; and bake for half an hour in a brisk oven. These rolls are excellent eating, either hot or cold.

HOUSEKEEPER.

It takes an Irishman to eat a lady's muff merely because she will not lend him five shillings. A Dublin journal states that during Christmas week a man who was drunk but otherwise respectable demanded from a lady in Lesson Park five shillings, with the alternative of losing her life. Regarding him as a wild beast she threw him her muff—a sealskin, too. The hero immediately threw himself on his back, and having, like a playful cat, amused himself for some time throwing it up in the air and catching it on his legs, he proceeded to devour it. He was found by a police constable in this interesting attitude. The lady's hat was also in his possession, so that he would have had a very fine repast.

Mr. Beecher's farm at Peekskill, is said to be a model of perfection, and is fast becoming an object of attraction. Strangers in Peekskill are sure to inquire about it, and many visit.

England continues to be more and more dotted with magnificent rural abodes. During the past quarter of a century millions have been expended in building and restoring.

A man at Vandalia, Ill., has taken out a writ to replevin his arm, which is in the possession of the doctor who amputated it. He desires to introduce it in evidence in an action to recover damages for alleged malpractice.

King George III. had a fancy, amounting almost to a mania, for apple dumplings. The two sons of the Prince of Wales, who are being made sailors of, have cravings—Victor for lump sugar and George for nutmegs.

It is a singular fact that the demand for Welsh books and periodicals is quite large in the United States, and that one weekly paper printed in that language has a circulation of 8,000 copies.

It is stated as a peculiar fact that myopism, or near-sightedness, is exclusively an attendant of civilization, never being found among savages, and rarely among the peasantry of any country.

The heretofore regarded worthless sage barrens of Nevada are found to be excellent pasturage for Cashmere goats. A single herder near Carson has a flock of three thousand.

Who is powerful? He who can control his passions. Who is rich? He who is contented with what he has.

Make but few explanations: the character that cannot otherwise defend itself is not worth vindicating.

# Answers to Inquirers.

M. H. M., (Sparta, N. C.)—The size of the pictures is eleven inches by fifteen and a-half.

PRESERVARANDO, (Attala, Miss.)—Oxymuriatic acid will take grease stains out of paper.

C. M., (Linn, Iowa)—Cleaning the teeth with salt is not advisable. A better dentifrice is freshly made charcoal.

M. A. W., (Athens, Mo.)—The prices vary. At present we have no need of anything in the line you mention.

ALMA F., (Dent, Mo.)—Persons bow to each other when introduced, as a matter of course. The matter of shaking hands is optional.

BARLEY, (Somerset, Me.)—Anciently the most eminent men in literature were denominated grammarians. A society was formed in Rome as early as 228 B. C.

CURAX, (Morgan, Pa.)—A palindrome is a line which reads the same either way, backwards or forwards, as, for example that attributed to Adam:—"Madam, I'm Adam."

GERTRUDE, (Eureka, Wis.)—The more you mix in society and the older you become, the more confidence and self-possession you will acquire, and then the habit of involuntary blushing will wear off.

INQUIRER, (Boyd Lake, Mo.)—We know nothing of the article from experience, and would hardly recommend it as certain to do all announced. It is in good demand, however, if this may be taken as a proof of excellence.

BELL, (Goodhue, Minn.)—You have reason enough to repudiate your engagement with the young man, which we should advise you to do at once, telling him that his temper is too violent to encourage any hopes of happiness in married life.

J. MARTIN, (Centre, Pa.)—There is nothing you can now do in the case. The lady did not choose to recognize you again, when meeting in the street, although you had previously been formally introduced to her, and it is not now for you to bow to her again.

O., (Fahnestock, La.)—As a matter of course, many persons earn their livelihood, and some make handsome incomes, by their proficiency in music; but whether you are likely to do anything of the kind no one who is a perfect stranger to you can venture to prophecy.

J. E. F. S., (Elco, Ill.)—1. The abbreviation "Pt" in price currents may stand for platinum, pint, or pitted, the latter referring to stoned cherries, etc. 2. We think the individual referred to is entirely reliable. 3. The authoress is an English lady of eminence who desires to remain unknown.

LOUIE, (Miller, Ga.)—You, who are yourself a girl, ought to know better than to expect a girlish friend to keep a "profound secret." We do not say this reproachfully or with any design to impugn the loyalty of young ladies to one another, but simply state it as a psychological phenomenon.

COMUS, (Wash., D. C.)—The Speaker of the English House of Commons receives £5,000 a year, the Deputy Speaker and Permanent Chairman of the Committee of the Whole, £2,000, the Clerk, £10,000, his Clerk Assistant, £7,500. You have therefore lost your bet, the rates being higher than our own.

M. K., (Trenton, N. J.)—We cannot take it upon ourselves to advise you to leave your father, although he does make your home so miserable. Much less could we advise you to come to the city, as a perfect stranger, in the hope of obtaining a situation. Yours is one of those unfortunate cases in which it is barely possible for anyone to do more than console you.

TIRED, (Mercer, N. J.)—There are many ways of gaining a livelihood besides domestic service, but each employment requires a speciality, and unless you are prepared to keep yourself for a time until you have fitted yourself to properly fill the occupation you may select, you had better remain what you are.

DUMOUS, (Evington, Va.)—The allusion is to that passage where Sir Walter Scott makes Mr Vernon in "Rob Roy" speak of the motto of the Vernons as like the solemn vice-loiquity, that moralizes two meanings in one word—"Ver-non semper viret." The spring does not always flourish. "Vernon semper virol." Vernon always flourishes. The language is Latin.

DAISY, (Clay, Tenn.)—Your course is very simple. If the young man intimated his wish to make you his wife, and you do not like him sufficiently well to accept him, do not receive presents from him of any sort—at least not without making him understand that you take them only as the kindly offering of a friend.

I. J. RUSSELL, (Kansas)—Vauban was the greatest military engineer France has produced; he was born at Verdun, 1633; died, 1707. He was made a marshal of France, and commissary-general of the French fortifications. He carried the art of fortifying, attacking, and defending towns, to a degree of perfection unknown before his time. His works bear a high character.

PINX, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is the altar wall of one of the chapels in the Roman Vatican that is adorned with the celebrated painting of the "Last Judgment." It is 64 feet wide, and covers 600 square feet of canvas. In the execution of this painting Michael Angelo spent eight years, and when it was completed in 1541, the artist was just sixty years of age. The largest painting in the world is Tintoretto's "Paradise," in the Doge's palace, Venice.

SORROW, (Guilford, N. C.)—If you can truthfully say that you have taken no pleasure in your children for the last five years, you must be in a woful state. As children have no fixed character, but are easily led in almost any path and are so impressionable that their natures may be moulded to different shapes, it is of course the fault of the parents if they grow awry or go altogether wrong. If your children have in fact become the horrid creatures which you represent them to be, you must have incurred a fearful responsibility, and should lose no time in endeavoring to reform the evils of which you complain.

PAUL DE VERE, (Phila., Pa.)—We think that your course is a very clear and easy one. Most likely the girl of your heart loves you as well as ever. Such quarrels as you describe are always happening among young lovers, but seldom prove lasting where the circumstances are similar to yours. Write to or visit the lady and have a talk over the matter and all will be well. Owing to the character of your parting you can well take the initiative towards a reconciliation without feeling the least sacrifice of pride. When you are again together, try to inspire her, by word and act, with such an idea of your affection and constancy, that hereafter she will turn a deaf ear to all talebearers.

CLARION, (Clarion, Pa.)—The Marquis of Lorne is the eldest son of the Scotch Duke of Argyle. The name of his family is Campbell, and it ranks among the oldest and wealthiest of that country. He is about thirty-three years of age. 2. The Palace of the Alhambra is in the city of Granada, Spain. Read Washington Irving's "Conquest of Granada," or "Tales of the Alhambra," which may be procured at almost any library or bookstore. 3. The fashion of "banging" the hair is not now so general among the ladies as formerly. We would not attempt to decide as to its good or bad taste. 4. The matter will be rectified in a little while. 5. The writers are in no way related, one being an Englishman, now deceased, the other an American who is at present, we believe, in New York. 6. Your writing, while it would bear improvement, shows a spirit of improvement, that will no doubt effect it in time. We will always be glad to hear from you or others.

SUBSCRIBER, (Kent Island, Md.)—The problem this subscriber sends for solution has puzzled some excellent arithmeticians. We publish it therefore in order that as many of our mathematical readers as are disposed may send in their solutions of the matter,—"A borrows from B $1,320.00 on a mortgage for six years to be paid in the following manner: $220 to be paid on or before January 1st, 1880, with interest on the whole amount from January 1st, 1879, to January 1st, 1880, the sum of $220 to be paid January 1st, 1881, with interest for one year on the amount then remaining unpaid, the sum of $220 to be paid January 1st, 1882, with interest for one year on the amount then remaining unpaid, the sum of $220 to be paid January 1st, 1883, with interest for one year on the amount then remaining unpaid, the sum of $220 to be paid January 1st, 1884, with interest for one year on the amount then remaining unpaid, and the balance, $220 to be paid January 1st, 1885, with interest for one year. Interest on all the payments at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. B offers to sell the above mortgage to C and C refuses to buy without B will discount the face of the mortgage so that it will pay him (C) ten per cent. interest instead of 6, which B consents to do. Now, how much must C pay B for the mortgage, the transaction taking place January 1st, 1879? Of course the interest cannot be changed or increased as against A, he continuing to pay the same, 6 per cent."